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SEMI-ADULT SEMI-LITERATURE

75¢

RIP OFF COMIX #3

WONDER WART-HOG in RETURN from the PLANET OF THE PIGS
© 1977 BY GILBERT SHELTON

THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS
BY GILBERT SHELTON

DEALER McDOPE IN Hawaii

THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE
© BY TED RICHARDS

STUPID STORIES

ENCOUNTERS

THE WINGS OF CHARLEY
BY R. DIGGS

Griffith Observatory

FAT FREDDY'S CAT

GILBERT SHELTON'S ADVANCED INTERNATIONAL MOTORING TIPS

AND OF COURSE, YOUR OLD FAVOURITES, THE Nerds

E.Z. WOLF'S KANGAROO COURT

By Ted Richards

WE GOT A **BIG FISH** ON THE **HOOK** TODAY! — THE DIRECTOR OF PROGRAMMING FOR THE **ABS** TELEVISION NETWORK — AND IS HE IN FOR A **GOOD FRYING!!**

WELL **LORD** HAVE **MERCY!** IF IT AINT OL' **FREDDY FILVER!** WE BEEN A-LOOKIN' FOR **YOU** FOR SOME TIME NOW, **BOY!!**

UH, PLEASE YOUR HONOR, I CAN APPRECIATE THE COURT'S **MISGIVINGS** OVER THE SUBJECT MATTER I SELECT FOR OUR NATIONAL VIEWING AUDIENCE...

... BUT I'M ALSO AN EXECUTIVE AND MY **JOB** IS TO SELECT WHAT **I** THINK WILL GAIN MY COMPANY A GREATER **SHARE** OF THE VIEWING MARKET.

UHHMM... YOU MAY CONTINUE MR. FILVER.

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WELL NOW, THE QUESTION ARISES, "ON WHAT **CRITERIA** DO I BASE MY DECISIONS?" TO BE QUITE **FRANK** YOUR HONOR, I RELY UPON MY OWN **TASTE**, BECAUSE I BELIEVE THE PUBLIC'S TASTE IS REFLECTED THROUGH **ME!**.. YOU SEE I REALLY **LIKE** THE SHOWS I SELECT!!

I CAN SEE YOU **DO!!**

A'RIGHT!! SINCE THAT'S WHAT YOU **BELIEVE**, LETS MAKE A **24** HOUR **PRIME TIME SPECIAL** OUT OF YOUR **LIFE**, **STARTIN' RIGHT NOW!!!** WE'RE ON TH' **AIR!!**

ZZT

BUT.. BUT.. WHAT IF I HAVE TO GO TO THE **BATHROOM?!**

BZZ

ABS

GREAT! YOU'LL **DOUBLE** YOUR **RATINGS!**

NEXT CASE!

BAM!

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the FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

in "HE WHO HESITATES"

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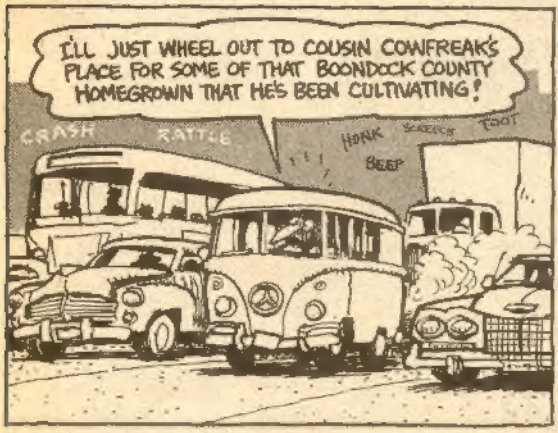
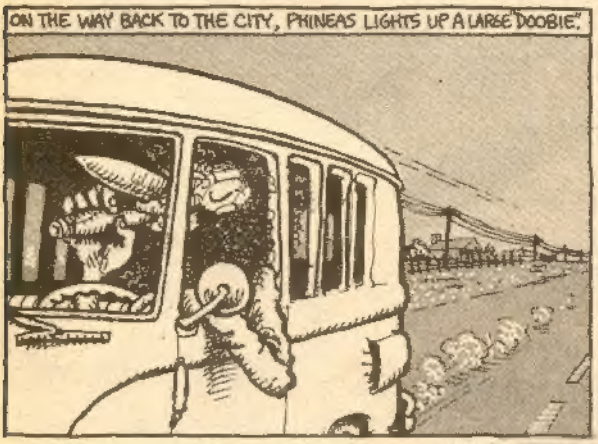
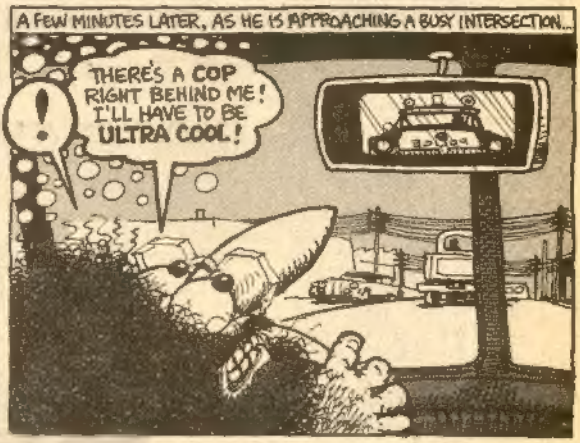
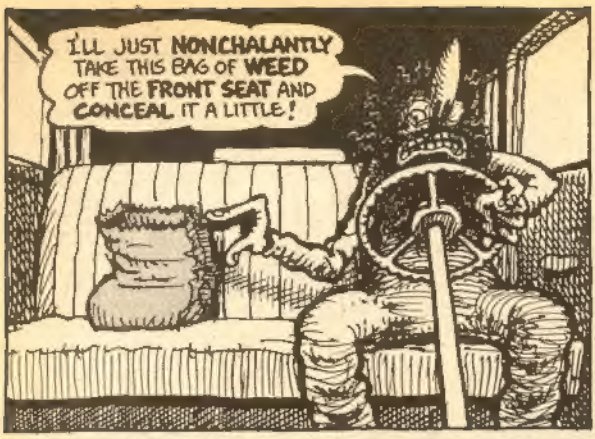
BASED ON A TRUE EXPERIENCE BY MANFRED MRDZIKOWSKI

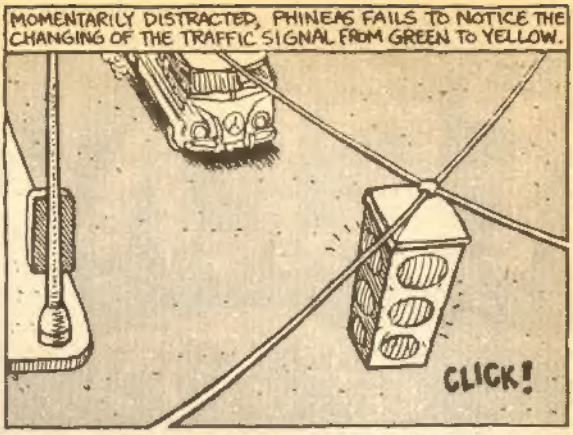






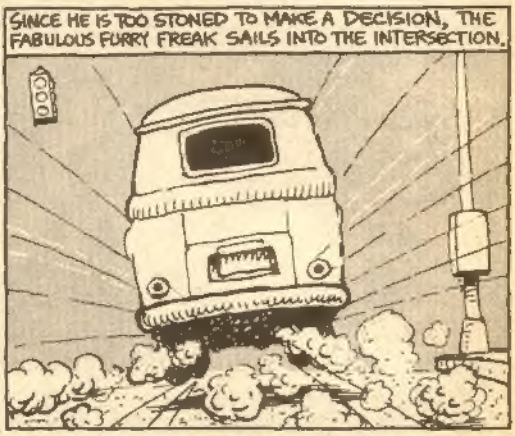
SGT

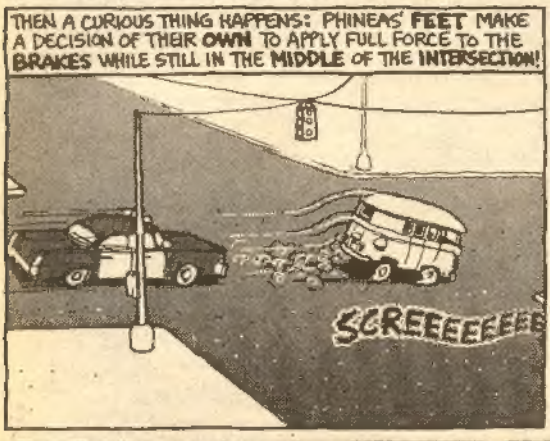

I'LL JUST NONCHALANTLY TAKE THIS BAG OF WEED OFF THE FRONT SEAT AND CONCEAL IT A LITTLE!

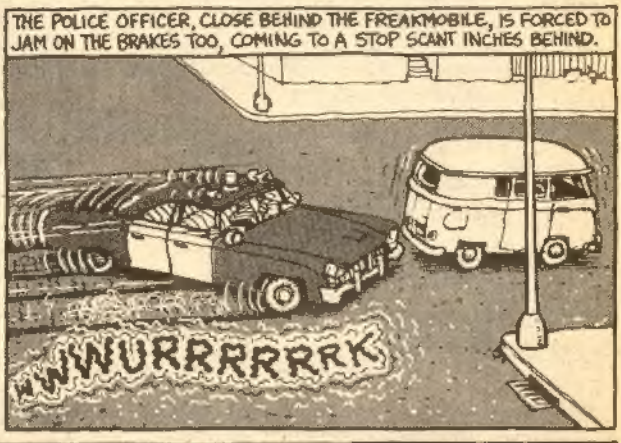

MOMENTARILY DISTRACTED, PHINEAS FAILS TO NOTICE THE CHANGING OF THE TRAFFIC SIGNAL FROM GREEN TO YELLOW.
CLICK!

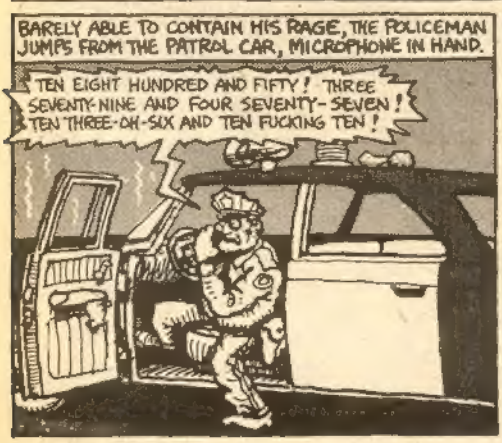
SEEING THE YELLOW LIGHT AT LAST, PHINEAS IS FACED WITH A QUICK DECISION.
OH, GOSH! EITHER I SLAM ON MY BRAKES, THEREBY MAKING IT LIKELY THAT THE COP RUNS INTO ME FROM BEHIND...

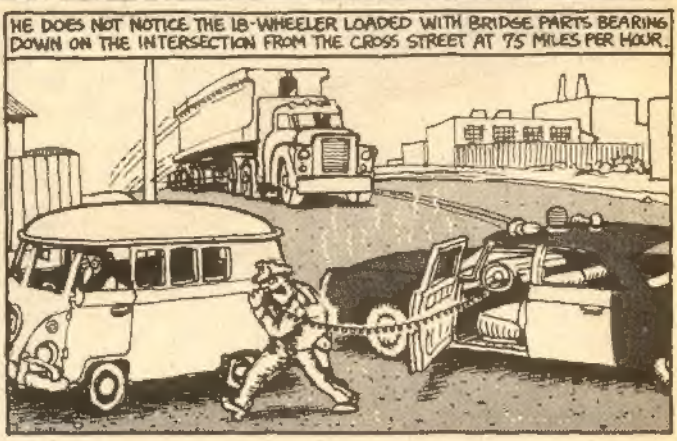
...OR ELSE I RUN THE RED LIGHT AND GET MYSELF A TICKET FOR SURE!

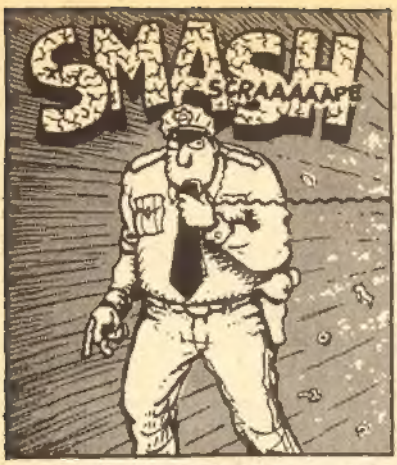

SINCE HE IS TOO STONED TO MAKE A DECISION, THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK SAILS INTO THE INTERSECTION.


THEN A CURIOUS THING HAPPENS: PHINEAS' FEET MAKE A DECISION OF THEIR OWN TO APPLY FULL FORCE TO THE BRAKES WHILE STILL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE INTERSECTION!
SCREEEEEEEE


THE POLICE OFFICER, CLOSE BEHIND THE FREAKMOBILE, IS FORCED TO JAM ON THE BRAKES TOO, COMING TO A STOP SCANT INCHES BEHIND.
WWURRRRRRK

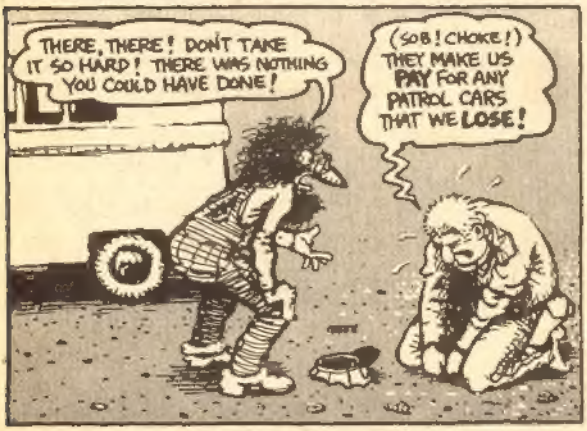

BARELY ABLE TO CONTAIN HIS RAGE, THE POLICEMAN JUMPS FROM THE PATROL CAR, MICROPHONE IN HAND.
TEN EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIFTY! THREE SEVENTY-NINE AND FOUR SEVENTY-SEVEN! TEN THREE-OH-SIX AND TEN FUCKING TEN!

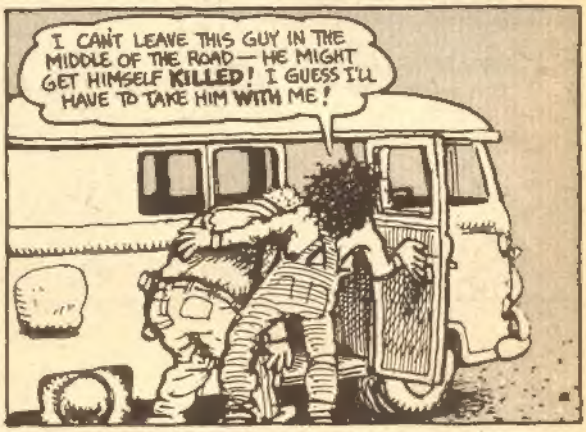

HE DOES NOT NOTICE THE 18-WHEELER LOADED WITH BRIDGE PARTS BEARING DOWN ON THE INTERSECTION FROM THE CROSS STREET AT 75 MILES PER HOUR.


SMASH
SCRAAAAAPE

SCRAAAAAAAPE
GRIIIIIIND
TINKLE
POP

FALUMP
FALUMP
FALUMP
CLATTER
SQUEEL


THERE, THERE! DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD! THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD HAVE DONE!
(SOB! CHOKE!) THEY MAKE US PAY FOR ANY PATROL CARS THAT WE LOSE!


I CAN'T LEAVE THIS GUY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD — HE MIGHT GET HIMSELF KILLED! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM WITH ME!

A FEW WEEKS LATER:
PHINEAS, THAT GUY OVER IN THE CORNER SURE DOES DRESS FUNNY! ARE YOU SURE HE'S NOT A NARK OR SOMETHING?
NAW, HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE! I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHERE I MET HIM, IT WAS SO LONG AGO!
THE END

the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT

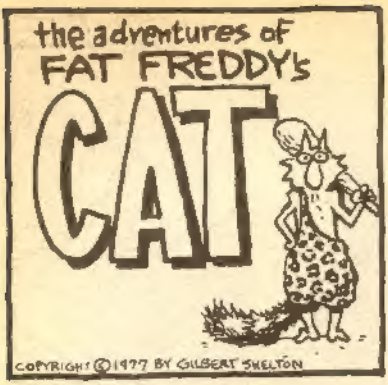
BIG PARTY LAST NIGHT!

I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK AROUND AND SEE IF ANYONE DROPPED ANY GOODIES!

FOUR PIECES OF SALAMI AND A PIECE OF KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN WING! NOT BAD!

BUT HERE'S ONE OF MY FAVORITE THINGS OF ALL!

CLAM DIP EMBELLISHED WITH COCKROACHES: THEY MUST HAVE MADE THIS UP ESPECIALLY FOR ME!


the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT
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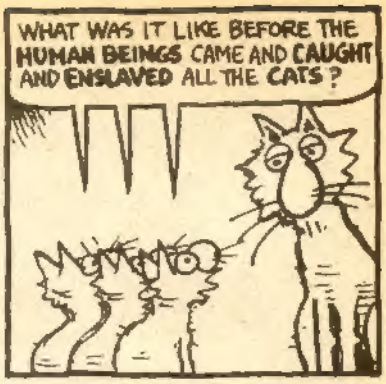
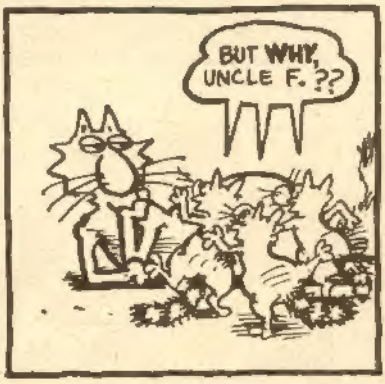
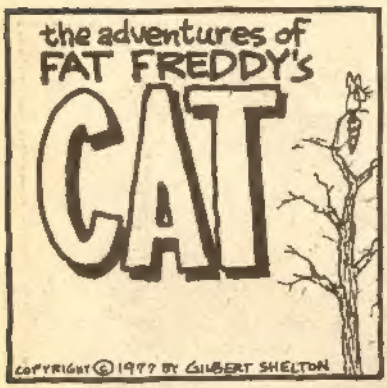
TELL US SOME HISTORY, UNCLE F.!
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW?


WHAT WAS IT LIKE BEFORE THE HUMAN BEINGS CAME AND CAUGHT AND ENSLAVED ALL THE CATS?

YOU'VE GOT IT BACKWARDS! THE CATS WERE THE ONES THAT INITIATED THIS SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP WITH THE PEOPLE!


BUT WHY, UNCLE F.??

SO THAT THE CATS WOULD BE ABLE TO GET MILK FROM COWS WITHOUT GETTING THEIR HEADS STEPPED ON!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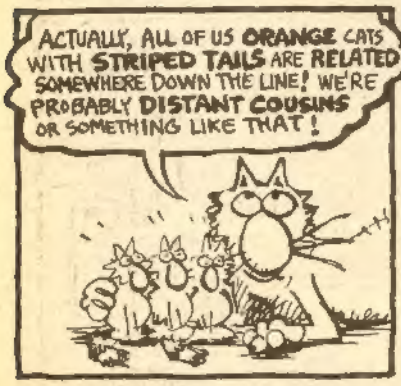
WHY IS IT THAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO REFER TO YOU AS OUR "UNCLE" WHEN WE KNOW YOU'RE REALLY NOT?

OH, THAT'S JUST A EUPHEMISM! A METAPHOR IN THE COMPLEX TERMINOLOGY OF FELINE GENEALOGY!


ACTUALLY, ALL OF US ORANGE CATS WITH STRIPED TAILS ARE RELATED SOMEWHERE DOWN THE LINE! WE'RE PROBABLY DISTANT COUSINS OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

(AHEM!)

DO YOU THINK HUEY, DEWEY, AND LOUIE ARE THE ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN OF DONALD AND DAISY DUCK, THEN?

the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT
MENU
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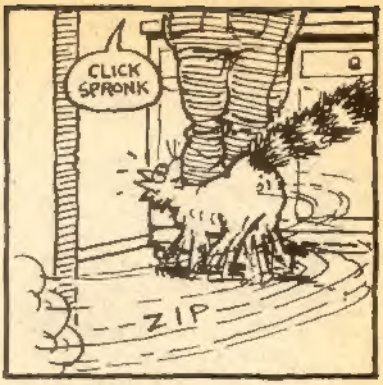
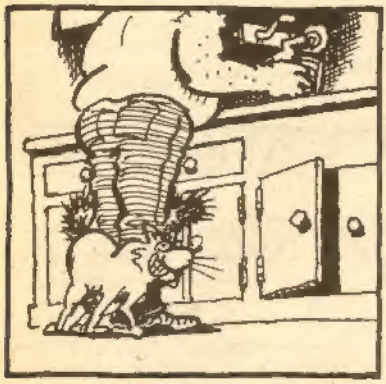
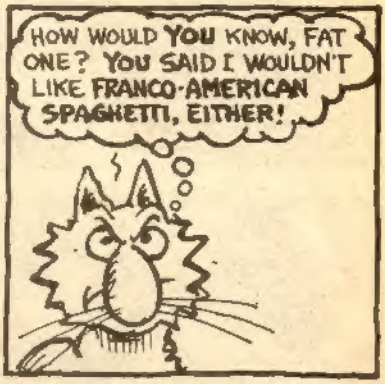
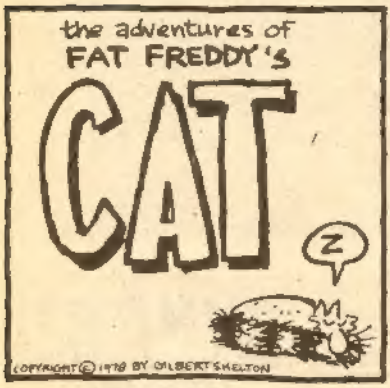
CLICKITY
CLICKITY
CLICKITY


CLICK
SPRONK
ZIP



GO AWAY, YOU STUPID KITTY! CATS DONT LIKE TO EAT FRUIT COCKTAIL!


HOW WOULD YOU KNOW, FAT ONE? YOU SAID I WOULDN'T LIKE FRANCO-AMERICAN SPAGHETTI, EITHER!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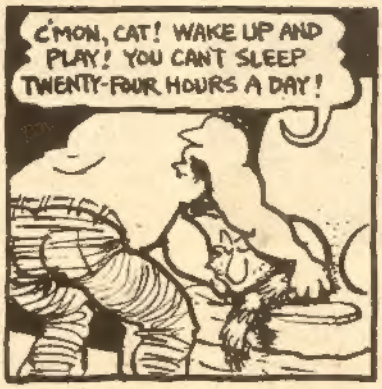
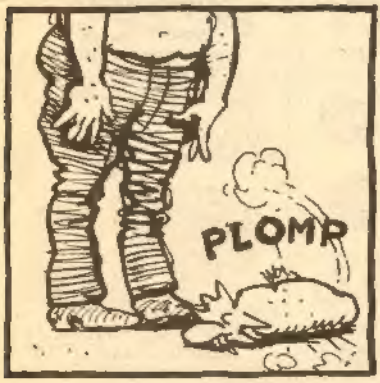
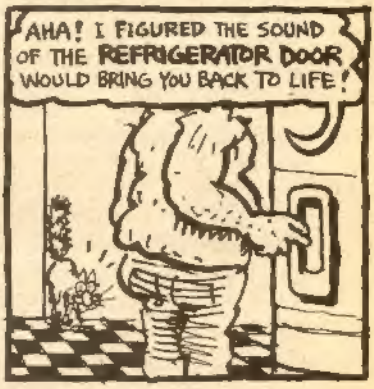
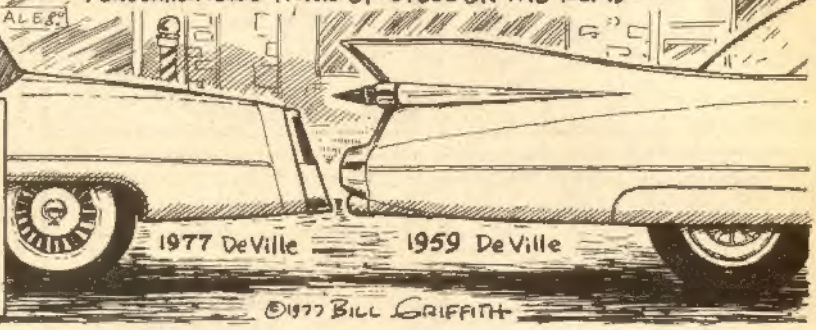

C'MON, CAT! WAKE UP AND PLAY! YOU CAN'T SLEEP TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY!


PLOMP

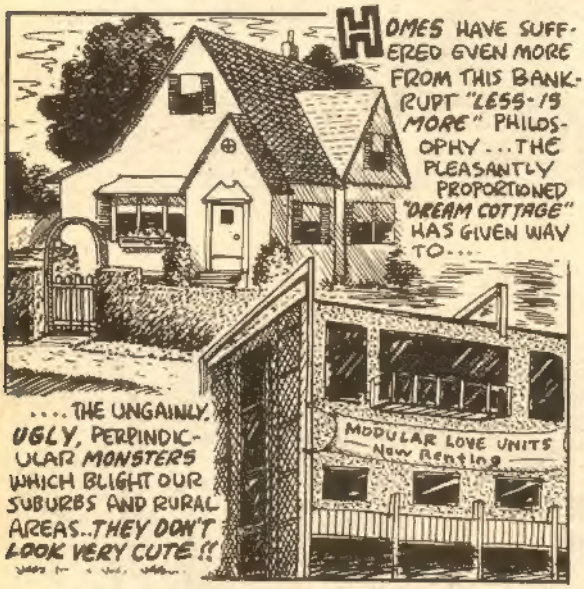

AHA! I FIGURED THE SOUND OF THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR WOULD BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE!

OBJECTIVE STUDY

The *Cadillac* .... ONCE THE WINDSWEPT, *VULGAR-BUT-BREATH-TAKING* QUEEN OF THE HIGHWAY, IT IS TODAY A STUNTED, HO-HUM *CARBON-COPY* OF EVERY OTHER *PERSONALITYLESS* HUNK OF STEEL ON THE ROAD —

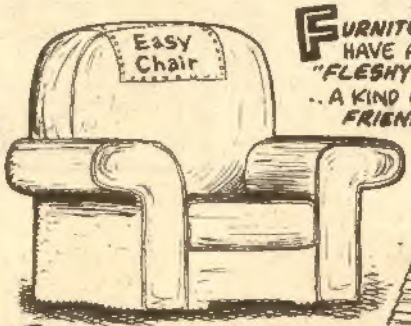


MANUFACTURED OBJECTS OF THE PAST HAVE IT *ALL OVER* THOSE OF TODAY WHEN IT COMES TO *STYLE* AND *"CLASS"*! COMMERCIAL DESIGN WAS, AT ONE TIME, A REAL *ART FORM*, WHICH OFTEN ROSE ABOVE *"EFFICIENCY* AND THE *"CLEAN LINE"*.. (YECH.)

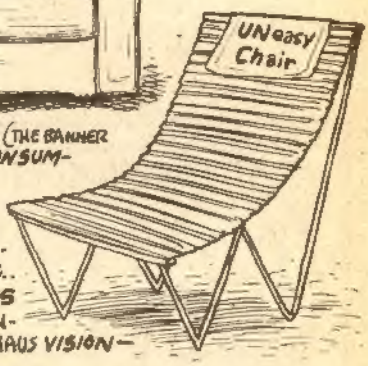


HOMES HAVE SUFFERED EVEN MORE FROM THIS BANKRUPT *"LESS-IS MORE"* PHILOSOPHY ... THE PLEASANTLY PROPORTIONED *"DREAM COTTAGE"* HAS GIVEN WAY TO ....

.... THE UNGAINLY, *UGLY*, PERPINDICULAR *MONSTERS* WHICH BLIGHT OUR SUBURBS AND RURAL AREAS.. *THEY DON'T LOOK VERY CUTE!!*



FURNITURE USED TO HAVE A COMFORTABLE, *"FLESHY"* APPEARANCE.. .. A KIND OF *LUMPY FRIENDLINESS*.. YOU DIDN'T SIT *ON* IT.. YOU SAT *IN* IT —



BUT *"PROGRESS"* (THE BANNER UNDER WHICH *CONSUMERISM* MARCHES) DEMANDS CHANGE, AND *TRENDS* ARE ESTABLISHED TO ENCOURAGE *SPENDING*.. THUS, WE HAVE *THIS* UNCOMFORTABLE, UNFRIENDLY POST-BAUHAUS VISION —

1943

WHY TAMPER WITH SOMETHING AS *WELL-MADE* AND *FUNCTIONAL* AS THE *TELEPHONE*? ... BECAUSE *MA* AND *PA BELL* WANT TO SELL *YOU* THE *SPACE AGE!!*

1977

MAJOR RETAIL *STORE SIGNS* HAD THE *RING OF AUTHORITY* AT ONE TIME.. NOW, IT'S *"KEEP A LOW PROFILE"* WITH THESE *BIG* BOYS — AND, BY *ALL* MEANS, LOOK *"MOD"!!*

WOOLWORTH'S OLD SIGN } F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

AND THEIR *"NOW LOOK"* } Woolworth

LOGOS TODAY ARE THE CORPORATE *FACE*, DESIGNED TO INSPIRE A ROBOT-LIKE *"TRUST"* —

EXXON

CBS

NF

abc

RCA

FORMATT

NEW YORK LIFE

Ms.

G

SYNCRO

PEPSI-COLA

ZIP EPILATOR

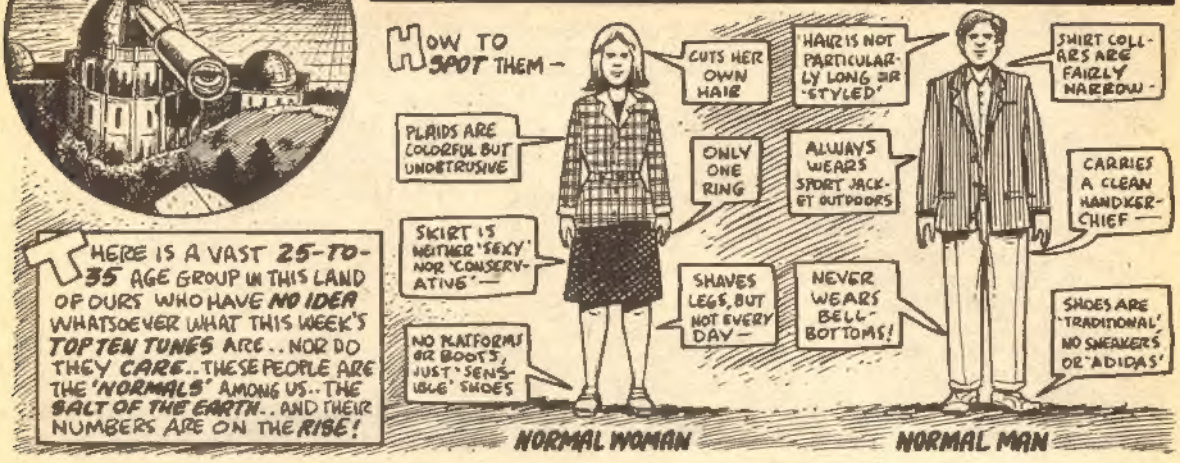
Faultless

CLOROX

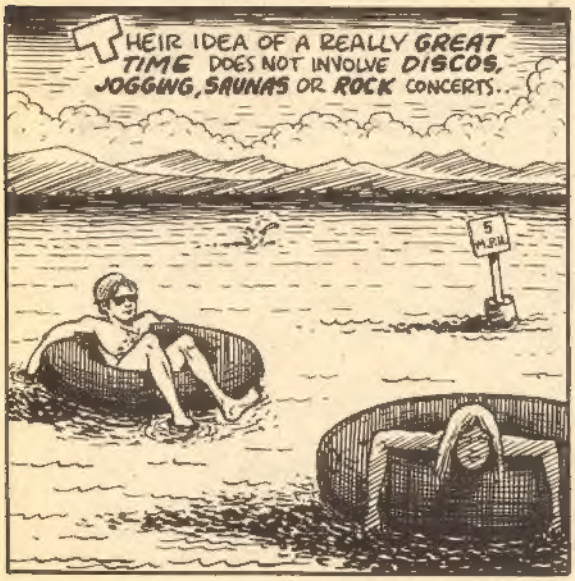
MOTHERSILL'S TRAVEL REMEDY

OLD LOGOS WERE A *VISUAL DELIGHT!* LET'S FACE IT — *THINGS* USED TO BE A LOT MORE *FUN* FOR THE *EYEBALLS!!!*

THE NORMALS



THERE IS A VAST 25-TO-35 AGE GROUP IN THIS LAND OF OURS WHO HAVE NO IDEA WHATSOEVER WHAT THIS WEEK'S TOP TEN TUNES ARE.. NOR DO THEY CARE.. THESE PEOPLE ARE THE 'NORMALS' AMONG US.. THE SALT OF THE EARTH.. AND THEIR NUMBERS ARE ON THE RISE!



THE 'ZINE SCENE

EVER WONDER WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THE GLOSSY COVERS OF A NATIONAL, BIG CIRCULATION, "HIP" MAGAZINE?? WELL, I'VE HAD A FEW GLIMPSES, AND I STILL WONDER!! THE ODD MIXTURE OF CYNICISM AND "PURPOSE" IS AN AWESOME THING TO BEHOLD--

...MY PIECE ON CORPORATE CRIME WILL LINK A WELL-KNOWN GOVERNOR WITH A JAPANESE CONGLOMERATE IN A PLOT TO CAPTURE THE WORLD COCAINE MARKET!!

JUST WHAT OUR AUDIENCE IS LOOKING FOR!

GET TO WORK ON IT!

5 MINUTES LATER

...THAT CHICK THAT JUST LEFT.. DON'T LET HER IN HERE AGAIN AND GET ME TH' PIECE ON THE CANNIBALS WHO ATE DAVID ROCKEFELLER! IT NEEDS A RE-WRITE!!

THE WRITER USED TOO MANY FIVE DOLLAR WORDS! WHO'S GONNA READ IT?

-OUR JERKY AUDIENCE?

BRING ME SOME COKE!

©1977 BILL GRIFFITH

AT LEAST THE RAUNCHY, UP FRONT, SEXPLOITATION 'ZINES SAY WHAT THEY MEAN.. IF YOU CAN ENDURE THE HALITOSIS—

WE CAN USE YA, KID!! LEMMETELLYA! Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN, HAH? REAL STUFF, YEH! LIKE IF A JOHN GOES WITH A WHORE ON 42ND ST., WE WANT THE DETAILS!

CLOSE-UPS! AIM FOR TH' CROTCH! THEY GOTTA BUY! THEY GOTTA BUY!!

GET ME?

UH---

SLEAZE IS BY NO MEANS AN EXCLUSIVE PROVINCE OF PORNO PUBLISHERS, THOUGH-- IT'S FOUND AT ALL THE BEST PLACES (LIKE "HUMOR" MAGS..)

MARTY, Y'WANT TH' PASTRAMI SAMWICH!?

YEH, SO LIKE MAN, Y'UNNERSTAND.. WE CAN'T PAY RIGHT NOW.. SMATTER OF FACT, MAN, LIKE WE'RE FOLDING AFTER THIS ISH.. ..IT'S BEEN GREAT, LIKE,

I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND YER STRIP.

MEEOW!

OVERDUE RENT NOTICE

AFTER A WAIT IN THE OUTER OFFICE OF A GOOD HOUR-AND-A-HALF, MANY PROSPECTIVE MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTORS ARE GREETED WITH THIS SCENE..

GLARE FROM WINDOW FALLS ON VICTIM--

BE WITH YOU IN A "MINUTE"..

SMALL LAMP TRAINED IN VICTIM'S EYES

EDITOR PRETENDS TO BE "STILL BUSY"

UH---

ELEVATED DESK GIVES EDITOR REGAL BEARING--

LOW-SLUNG CHAIR MAKES VICTIM FEEL LIKE A CHILD

BUT A BRIGHT AND GLEAMING RAY OF HOPE PIERCES THE GLOOM, EMANATING FROM THE MOST UNLIKELY SOURCE OF ALL.. THE "UNDERGROUND" PRESS—

HERE'S YOUR DAILY ROYALTY CHECK, SIR! I HOPE IT'S ENOUGH!!

..WE'VE INSTALLED TWO NEW PRINTING PRESSES TO KEEP UP WITH THE DEMAND FOR YOUR BRILLIANT WORK.. SHOULD WE MAKE IT THREE?

UH---

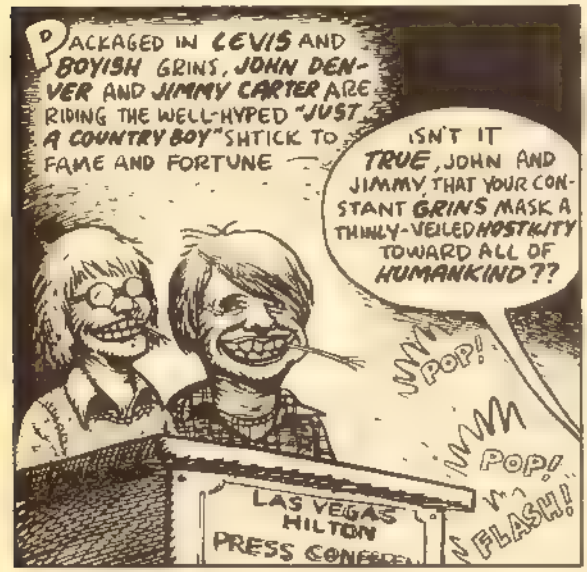
..A FELLA CAN DREAM.

Griffith Observatory

OSTENTATIOUS Humility

Thanks and a lock of the Griffy hairdo to J Green of San Francisco!

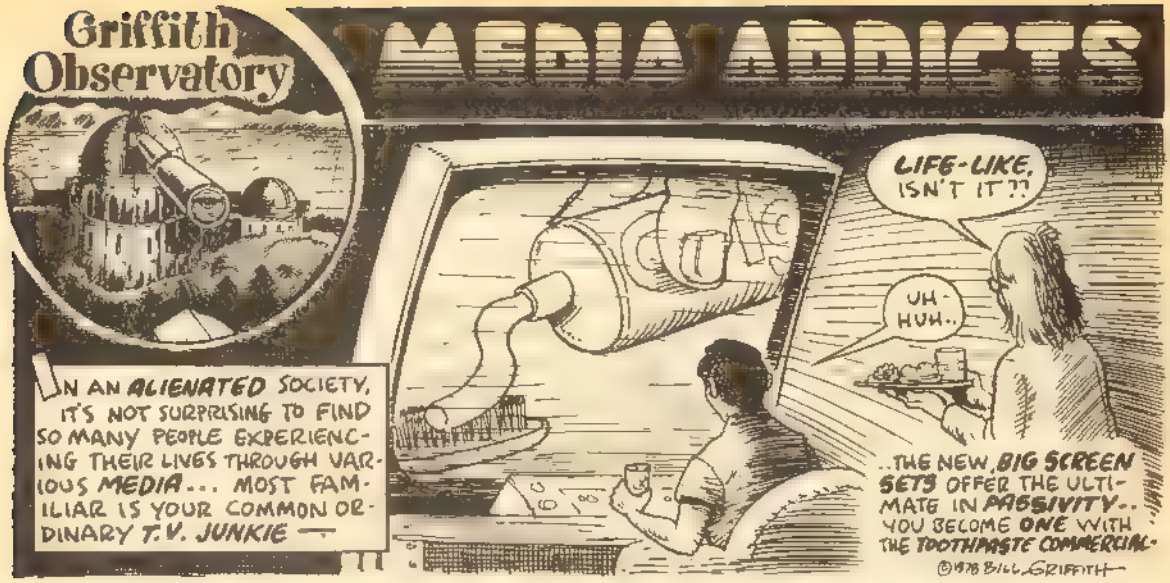
AS A REACTION TO THE CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION OF THE FIFTIES AND THE MATERIALISTIC CONSUMERISM OF THE SIXTIES & SEVENTIES, A MOVE "BACK TO THE BASICS" HAS SPAWNED A WHOLE NEW KIND OF KITSCH —

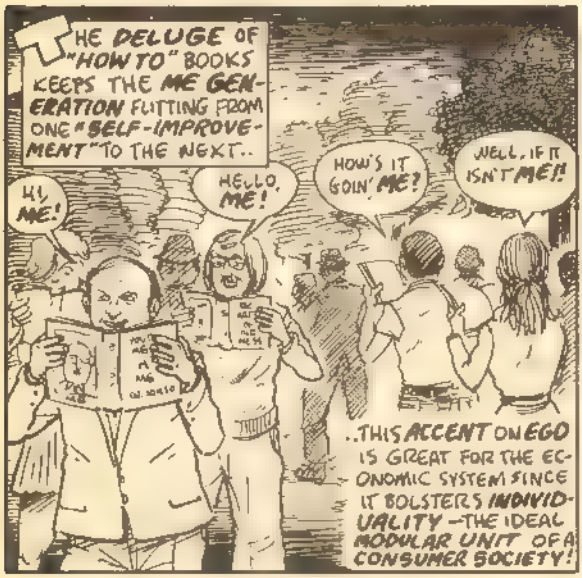


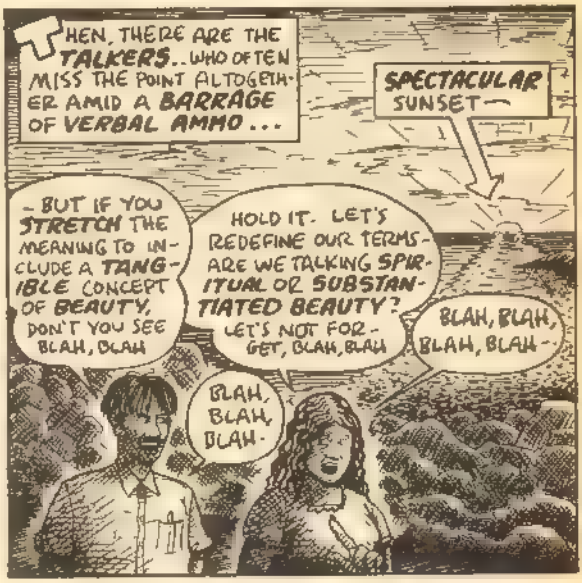
OF COURSE, DETROIT IS NEVER FAR BEHIND AN EXPLOITABLE TREND..... TEN YEARS AFTER THE 'SUMMER OF LOVE' WE HAVE -- JEANS SEAT COVERS TO GO WITH YOUR JEANS CAP & SUIT!

Griffith Observatory
THE WORRIERS
© 1978 BILL GRIFFITH
THEY ARRIVED AT THE RESORT HOTEL A HALF-HOUR AGO--
OH JESUS!! THIS SCHEDULE IS OUT OF DATE! AND WE CAN'T POSSIBLY SEE TH' MYSTERY SPOT 'TIL TUESDAY!
—I FIGURE WE SHOULD CHECK OUT BY MONDAY, THE 12TH, NO LATER THAN 4:30--OH NO!! THAT'LL BE RUSH-HOUR!!
FOR TRUE WORRIERS, WORRYING NEVER CEASES MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT, ON THE JOB OR OFF, AT HOME OR FAR AWAY---ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE. BUT, THEY TRY NONETHELESS.. PERHAPS THE SADDEST OF ALL ARE THE VACATIONING WORRIERS-
NATURAL DISASTERS OF EVERY KIND OBSESS THE NATURAL-BORN WORRIER—
HURRY UP, JOEL!! YOU KNOW THIS IS TH WORST PLACE TO BE DURING AN EARTHQUAKE!!
..I SHOULDN'T BE IN THE MIDDLE LANE 'CAUSE THE BRIDGE MIGHT COLLAPSE. BUT IN THE RIGHT LANE WE'D GO OVER THE SIDE AND DROWN..HMMM.
..AND WHAT ABOUT THE TIDAL WAVE?
WORRYING ABOUT ONE'S HEALTH CAN BECOME A CAREER FOR THE IMAGINATIVE KVETCH—
IT FEELS LIKE MY HEART IS DROPPING..THEN THIS THING ON TOP OF MY HEAD..IT'S PROB'LY A..UM..BRAIN TUMOR---
WAIT! I JUST HAD A PALPITATION!! FOLLOWED BY A SHARP PAIN! DID YOU SEE MY SHIRT JUMP?
WE'RE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER..
THESE GUYS ARE IN THEIR EARLY THIRTIES!!
THEN THERE ARE THOSE WHO WORRY ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS —
OH, MAN!! DID YOU READ ABOUT HENRY WINKLER'S TAX FOUL-UP? HOW THE HELL'S HE GONNA PAY UP AND STILL LIVE IN MALIBU?
TSK, TSK.. VERN PRESLEY'S BEING LITERALLY TAKEN TO THE POORHOUSE BY THAT TOM PARKER!
SHEESH.
SIGH.
BUT NOTHING CAN QUITE COMPARE TO WORRYING IN IT'S MOST ADVANCED STATE EXISTENTIAL DESPAIR..
WHY?
WHY?

MEDIA ADDICTS







THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE
BY TED RICHARDS
—THIS IS NO TIME FOR CRAZY TRIPS!! THE LANDLORDS ON HIS WAY OVER, AND HE WANTS TH' RENT OR WE'LL BE EVICTED!!!
HEY-Y! I AIN'T WORRIED! AND THIS PYRAMID HAT'S NO CRAZY TRIP! IT'S GONNA SOLVE ALL OUR PROBLEMS!!
SURE! WE CAN SELL 'EM ON CREDIT TO BURN-OUTS LIKE YOU AT TH' NEXT CRAFTS FAIR!!
LOOK! I'M SERIOUS! THIS PYRAMID FOCUSES COSMIC ENERGY INTO MY HEAD—AND BURNS OFF ALL TH' "BAD VIBE FOG" SO THAT I CAN SCHEME A LOT BETTER!!
BUZZZZZ
AH! IT'S TH' LANDLORD!
LET ME DEAL WITH HIM! I'LL PROVE TH' POWER OF TH' PYRAMID!
HEY-Y! WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?—THE RENT—RIGHT? DON'T GET UPTIGHT! I'M GETTIN' READY TO FOCUS AN ENERGY ZAP ON YOUR HUNGRY MAILBOX! SO JUST LAY BACK AN WE'LL LET TH' PYRAMID DO ITS THING. —CAN YOU DIG IT?...HUH?...
?
THAT'S IT!! YOU'RE EVICTED!
WELL...WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW!?
WE'LL LIVE IN A PYRAMID!

LOOK! I'M NOT REALLY PUTTING DOWN YOUR **PYRAMID HAT** TRIP.. IT'S-IT'S JUST THAT WE'RE GETTING **EVICTED** AND LIKE WE NEED "BREAD" RIGHT NOW! UNDERSTAND?!

YEAH, WELL, I'LL GET TH' MONEY-DONT WORRY. BUT I WANNA CHECK-OUT THIS PYRAMID TRIP A WHILE LONGER BEFORE I GO **SPARECHANGIN'**...

WHEW! GOTTA GET MY HEAD TOGETHER! THINK I'LL LISTEN TO K-S-A-N RADIO...

BONNIE PERSIMMONS HERE AT KSAN JINE 95-ITS TIME FOR THE **PSYCHIC WEATHER REPORT**...

CLICK

IF TODAY HAS BEEN A DAY OF HEAVY "UPS" AND "DOWNS", THEN DONT FREAK! THOSE "DOWNS" ARE BEING CAUSED BY THE PASSING OF JUPITER IN FRONT OF URANUS, WHICH IS TOUCHING OFF A TURBULENCE ON THE MELLOW BAND OF OUR COSMIC PLANE...

BUT THIS COSMIC SEE SAW IS ABOUT TO TIP HEAVILY INTO A BIG "UPPER" FOR THE REST OF OUR DAY. A FEW MOMENTS FROM NOW, MERCURY WILL NO LONGER BE BLOCKING AN ENERGY PORTAL AND A CONCENTRATED BOLT OF COSMIC ENERGY WILL FLOOD YOUR BUMMED OUT SCENE FOR THE REST OF THE DAY...

DAMMED UP COSMIC ENERGY
ENERGY PORTAL
SUN
MERCURY
EARTH
VENUS

THE PREDICTED COSMIC ENERGY BOLT STREAKS ACROSS THE COSMOS AND FOCUSES UPON THE FIRST PYRAMID IT HAPPENS TO ENCOUNTER...

ZOP

YEOW! WHAT HAPPENED!!? SPEAK TO ME!!!!

A FEW HOURS LATER.

B-BUT TH' PYRAMID **WORKS!** YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN TH' **FLASH** I HAD!

THIS RELATIONSHIP CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE

BY TED RICHARDS

A YOUNG SUPER **DOPE DEALER** HAS DISCOVERED OUR "**LIVING LEGEND**" AND DECIDES TO CONSUMMATE HIS PILGRIMAGE BY TURNING THE OL' DOPER ON TO HIS **PRIMO COLLECTION**.

NOW HERE'S A **GHANDOO TEMPLE CANDLE**. SEE HOW IT HAS A SLIGHT CRUMBLE WHEN I SLICE IT WITH MY SPECIAL RAZOR BLADE ?..

WOW! OUT-A-SIGHT! BRO'! 'HEARD OF THIS STUFF BUT I NEVER **TRIED IT!!**

WHEW! NOW LET'S TRY THIS **MAUI MAUI SPIRIT OIL**... THEY SAY YOU CAN ACTUALLY **SEE** TH' **SPIRIT** IF YOU HOLD IT UP TO TH' **SUN**!

HEY BRO'— JUST SMEAR IT ON TH' "**J**" AND LET'S GET IT **ON**... WE'LL SEE TH' SPIRIT!

NOW THIS IS **CRAZY WEED** YOU THINK YOU CAN **HANDLE IT** ???

SURE BRO'! WE BEEN SMOKIN' IT NOW FOR **TEN MINUTES**...

WHAT ELSE YOU GOT HERE BRO'?? HEY **WOW!** **INDIAN GOOF BALLS**! (SLURP) AND **CAMEL HASH**! (GULP).....

THE SPIRIT SAYS YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL..

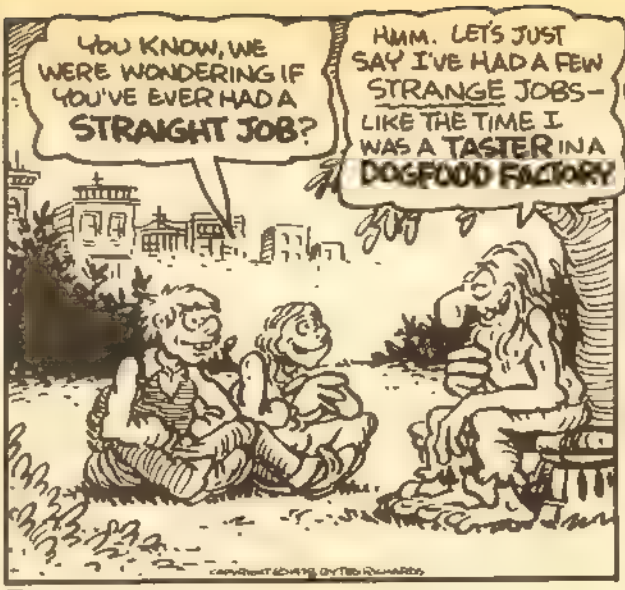
THANX FOR TH **FREE** STASH BRO'. NOT BAD STUFF, BUT I STILL AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE TH' **POT** OF '**69**!!

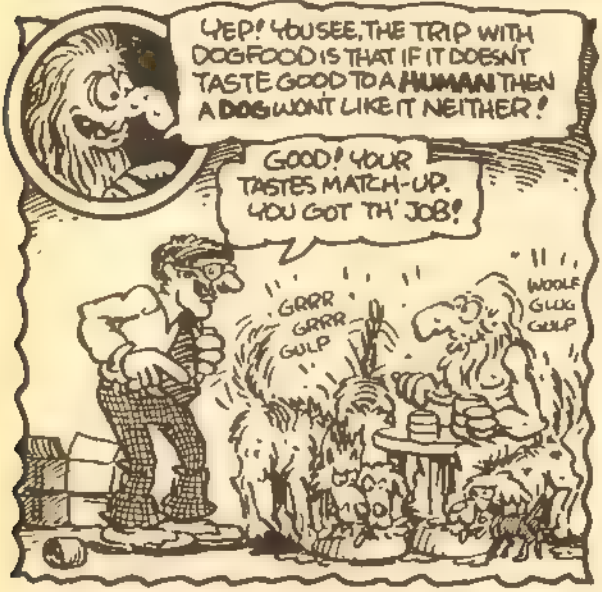
SURE BROTHER..

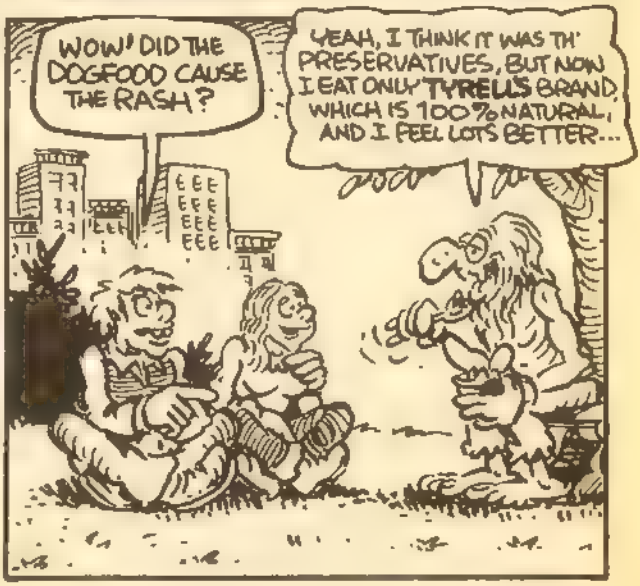
BY TED RICHARDS

THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE

BY TED RICHARDS







THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE

By Ted Richards

OUR ATTENTION IS FIRST DIRECTED TOWARD THE ADVERTISEMENT LISTED IN THE **LONE SPIRIT UNIVERSITY** CATALOG

HOLISTIC KAZOO WORKSHOP

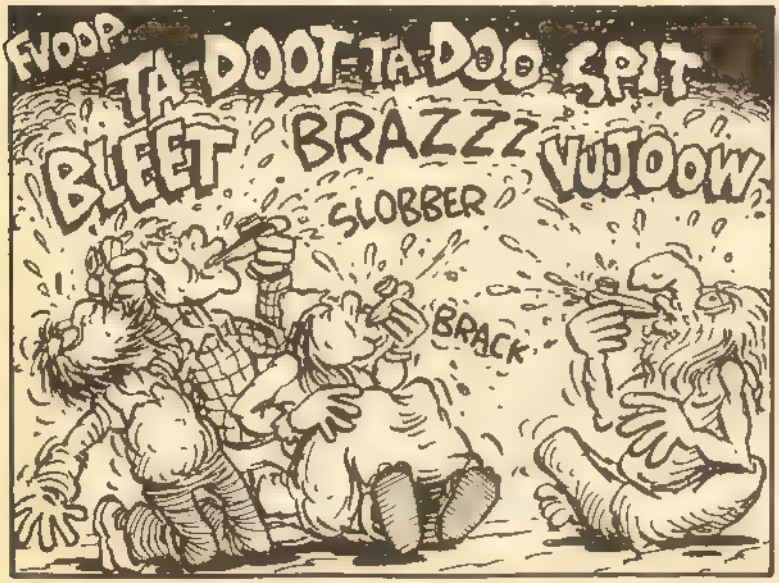
By F.Y.O.H — S.F. NOE

Wednesday or Friday or whenever its cool.

A Holistic approach to the ancient art of Kazoo. You will explore the realms of personal joy through this simple mystery.

The Teacher has played the Kazoo since childhood.

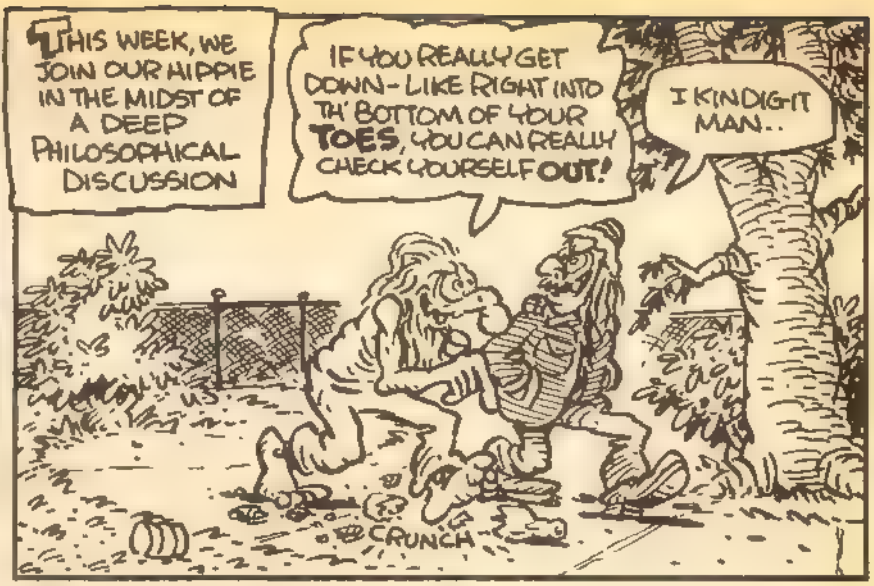
Additional $7 Fee

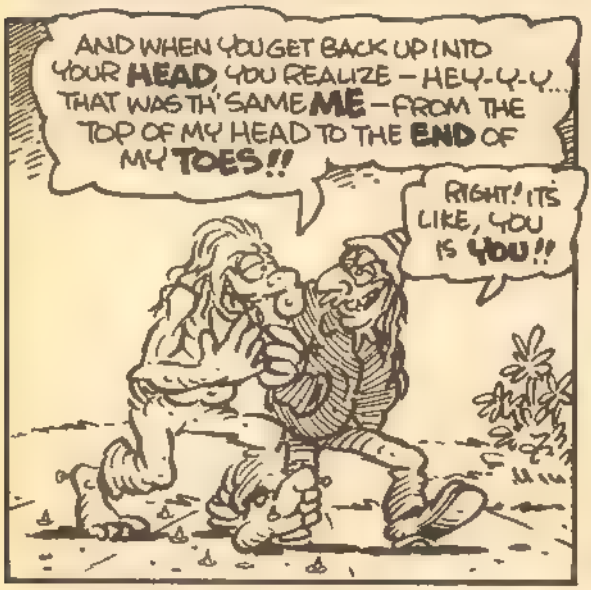


THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE

A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

BY TED RICHARDS





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ONE FINAL FABLE FOR THE FAITHFUL . . .

©1978 BY R. DIGGS

THE WINGS OF CHARLEY

LIKE SOME MODERN PTERODACTYL, A GIANT CONSTRUCTION CRANE BROODS OVER DARK CANYONS OF GRIEF AND POLLUTION! AND THERE, EARLY ONE MORNING, CHARLEY (ONE OF THE FAITHFUL) LOOKS UP, AND SAYS . . .

DIG THAT CRAZY CRANE! I WONDER WHAT THAT TRIP IS?

I MEAN, LIKE WHY SHOULDN'T I FIND OUT?

AND UP HE GOES!

I MEAN LIKE IT'S EARLY! WHO COULD CARE?

OUT

OF

SIGHT!

SNORT AIR SNURF!

SUNSHINE!

FREEDOM!

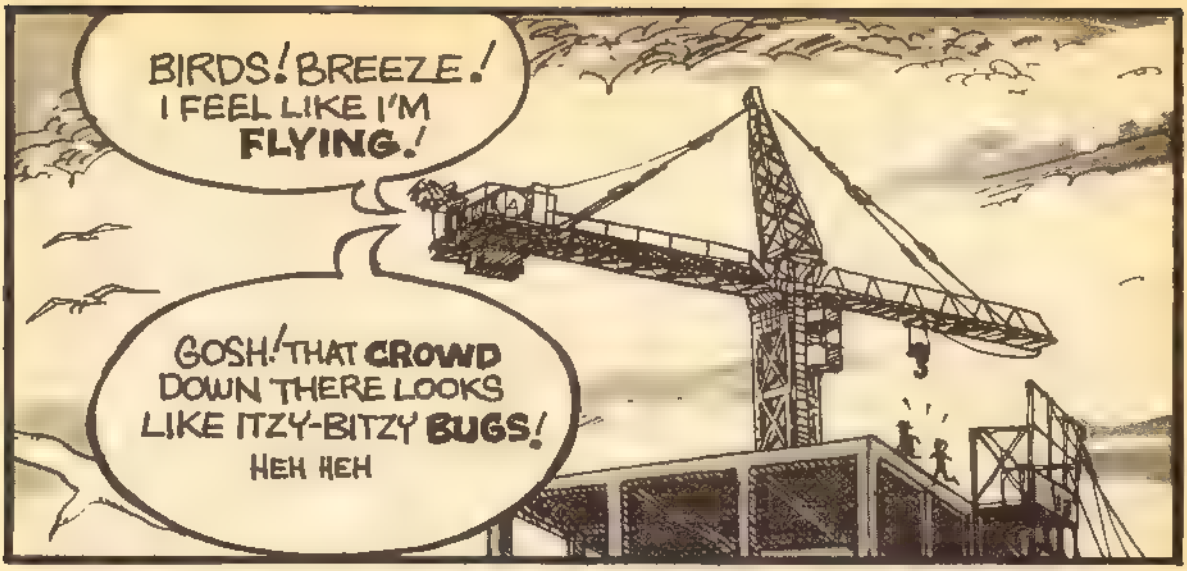
SIGH

LOOK DAIRS A CRAZY CAT UP DAIR!

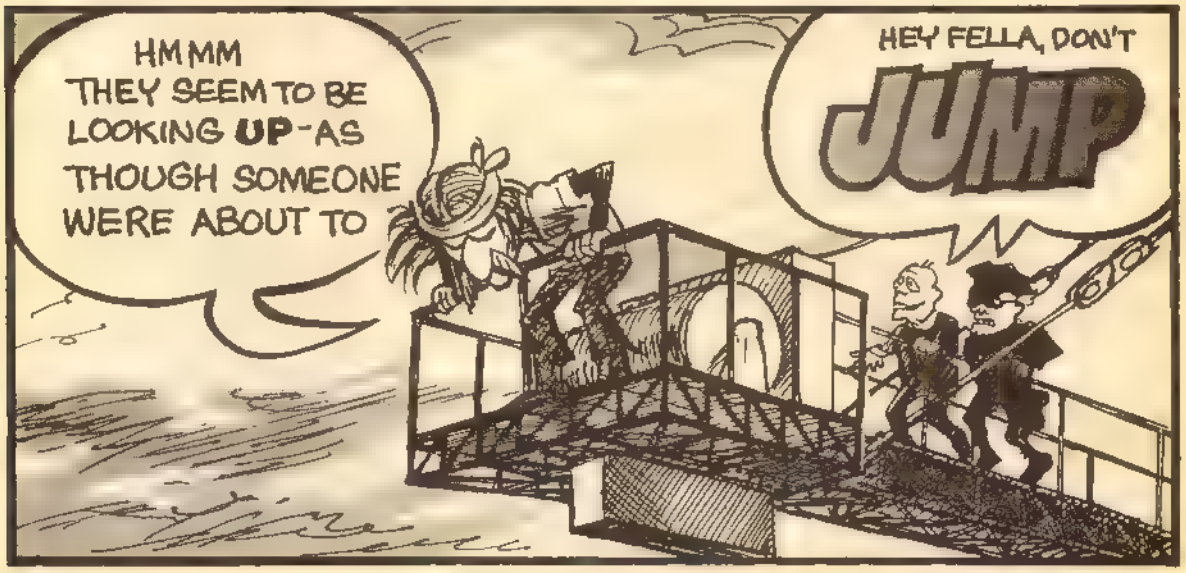
HOLY JEEZ!

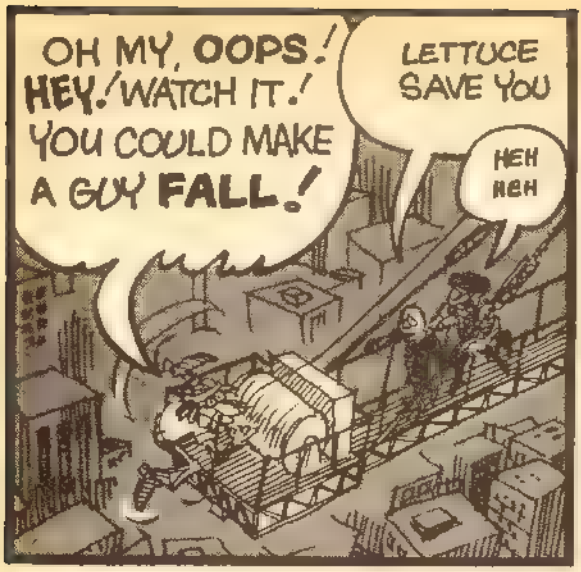
QUICK

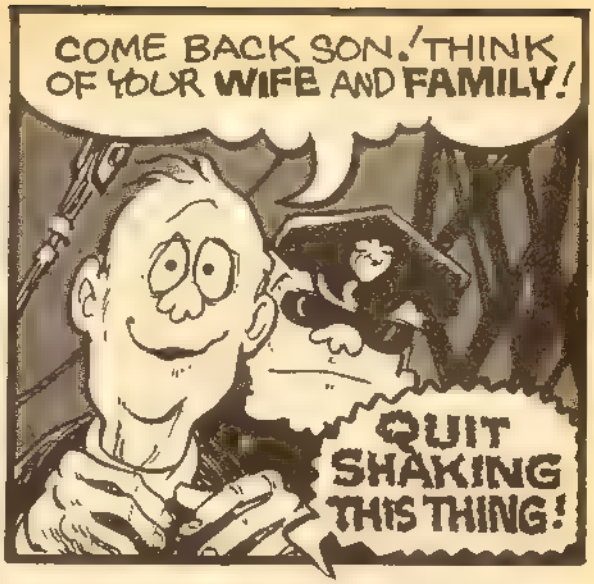
CALL THE COPS

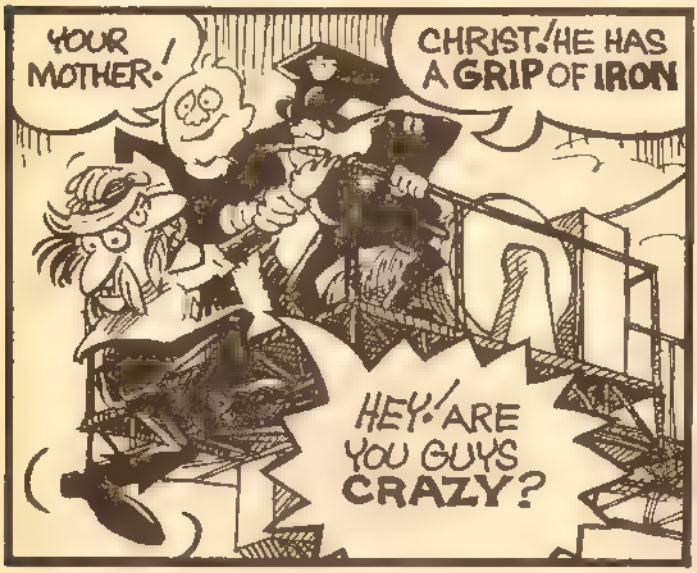

BIRDS! BREEZE! I FEEL LIKE I'M FLYING!
GOSH! THAT CROWD DOWN THERE LOOKS LIKE ITZY-BITZY BUGS! HEH HEH

YES... BUT WHY A CROWD?
SHHHH!
EAZY DOES IT!

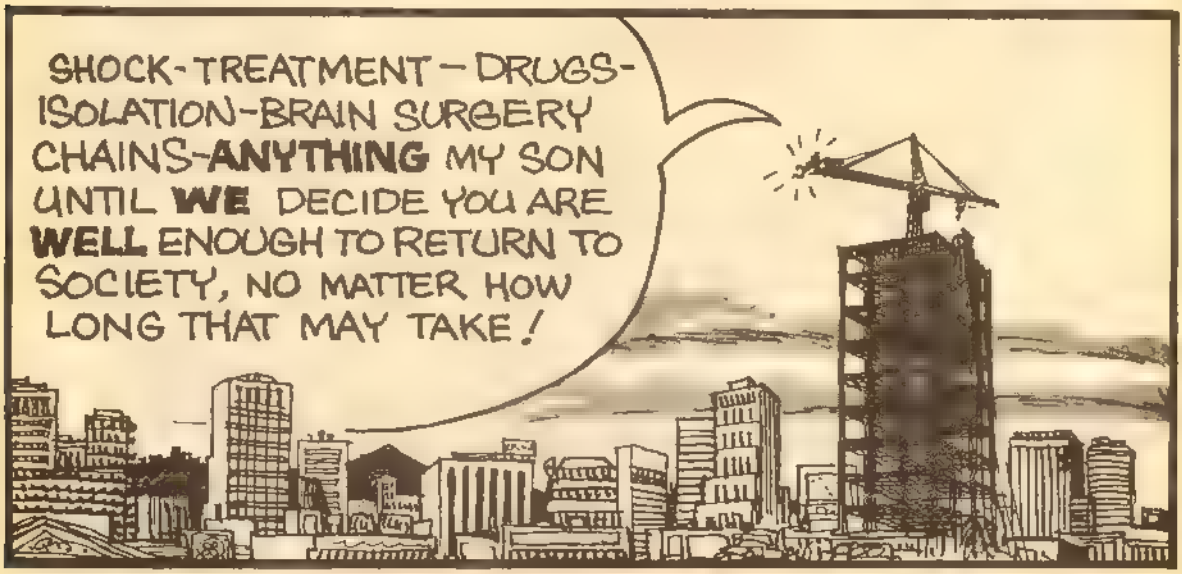

HMMM THEY SEEM TO BE LOOKING UP-AS THOUGH SOMEONE WERE ABOUT TO
HEY FELLA, DON'T JUMP

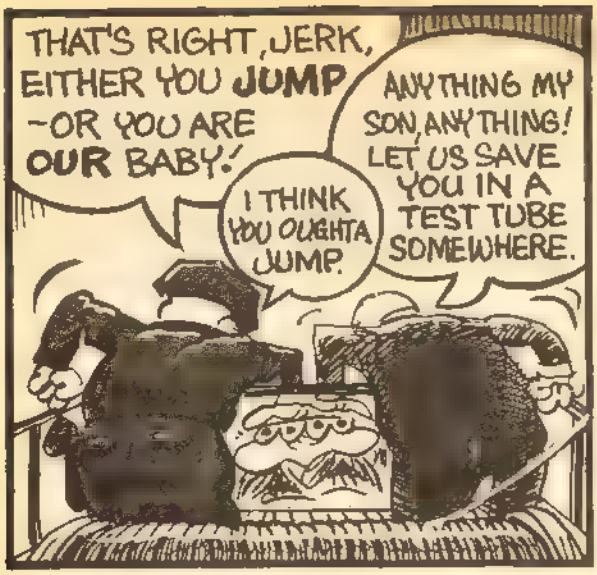

OH MY, OOPS! HEY! WATCH IT! YOU COULD MAKE A GUY FALL!
LETTUCE SAVE YOU
HEH HEH


COME BACK SON! THINK OF YOUR WIFE AND FAMILY!
QUIT SHAKING THIS THING!

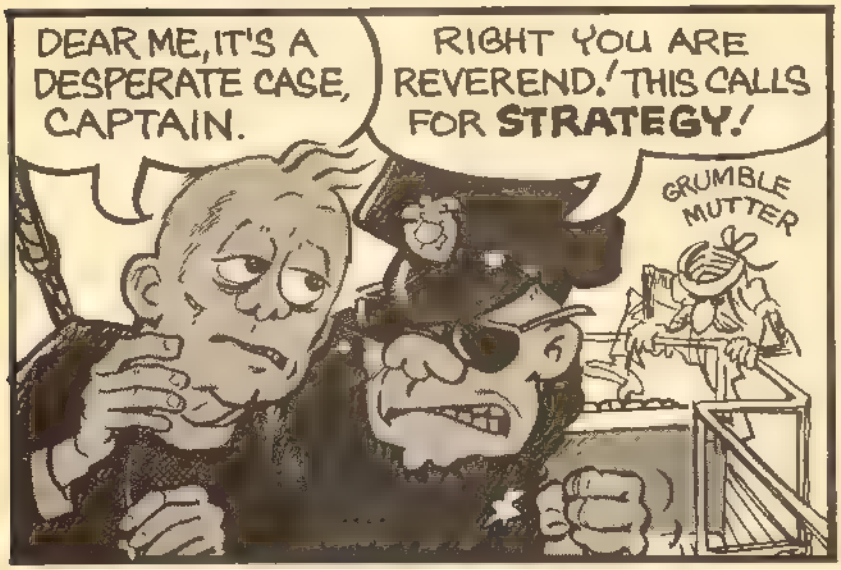

YOUR MOTHER!
CHRIST! HE HAS A GRIP OF IRON
HEY! ARE YOU GUYS CRAZY?

NOW SON! DON'T TALK THAT WAY! WE PLAN TO GIVE YOU THE VERY BEST OF CARE ...
YEAH MISTER, YOU'RE NUTS!
PUSH
STRUGGLE


SHOCK-TREATMENT – DRUGS-ISOLATION-BRAIN SURGERY CHAINS-ANYTHING MY SON UNTIL WE DECIDE YOU ARE WELL ENOUGH TO RETURN TO SOCIETY, NO MATTER HOW LONG THAT MAY TAKE!


THAT'S RIGHT, JERK, EITHER YOU **JUMP** -OR YOU ARE **OUR** BABY!
I THINK YOU OUGHTA JUMP.
ANYTHING MY SON, ANYTHING! LET US SAVE YOU IN A TEST TUBE SOMEWHERE.

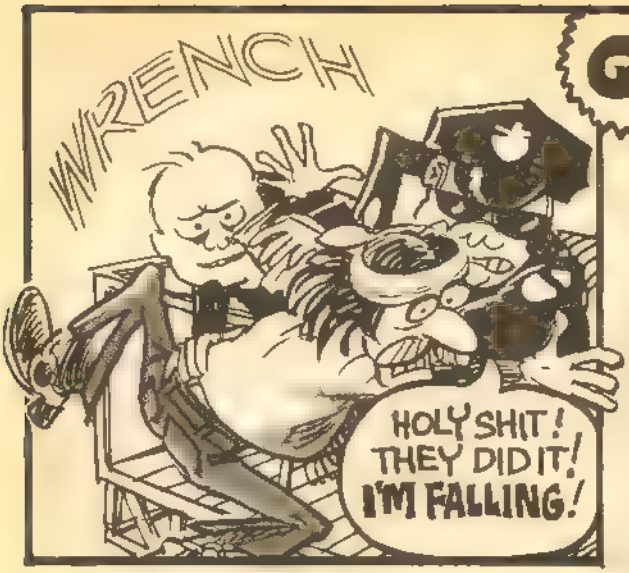
BACK OFF!
SHE-IT! WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT **JUMPING**?! I DON'T **WANT** YOU TO SAVE ME!

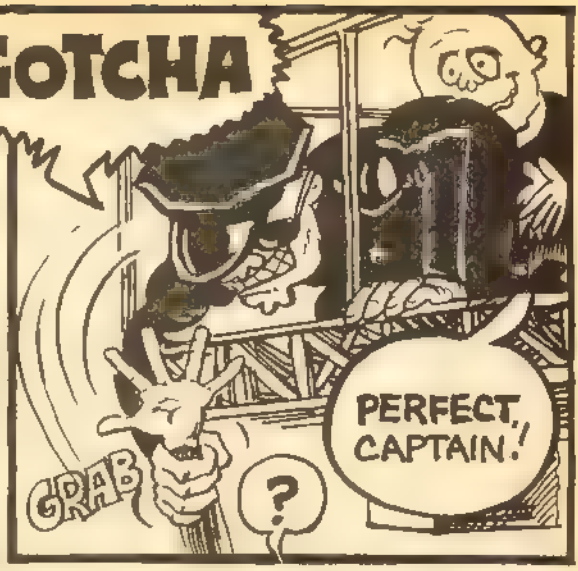

DEAR ME, IT'S A DESPERATE CASE, CAPTAIN.
RIGHT YOU ARE REVEREND! THIS CALLS FOR **STRATEGY**!
GRUMBLE MUTTER

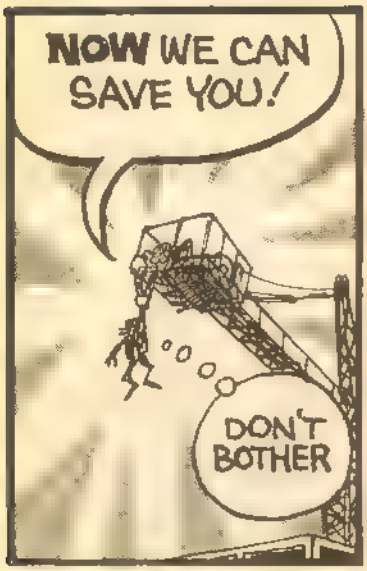
CODE R-U-2?
ROGER CAPTAIN!

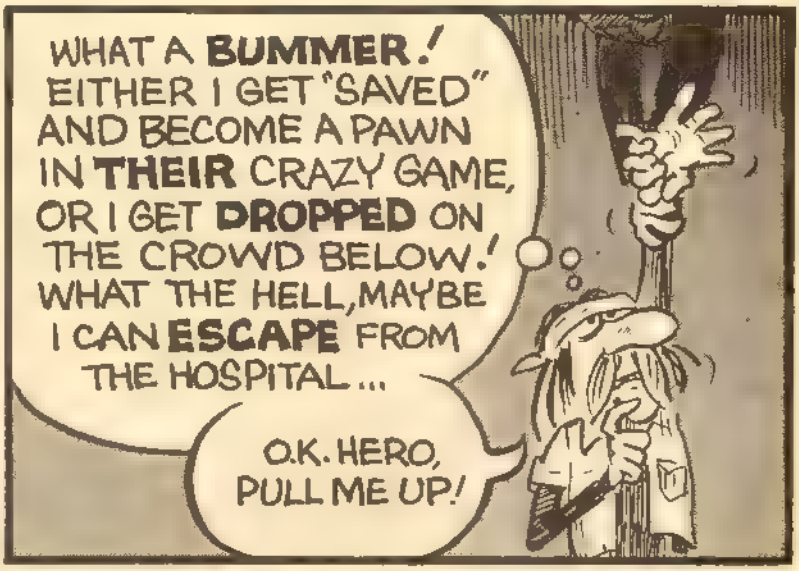
HIKE! 10-9-6-R-U-2-

SPRONG
AHHHH

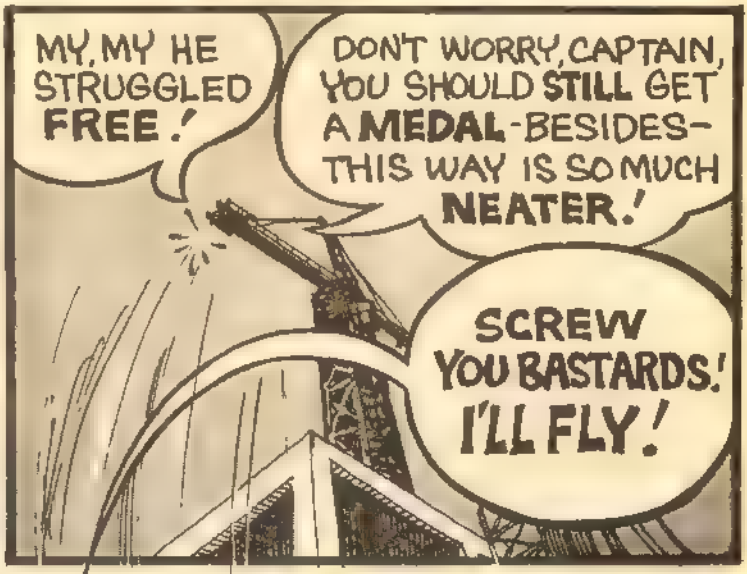

WRENCH
HOLY SHIT! THEY DID IT! I'M FALLING!

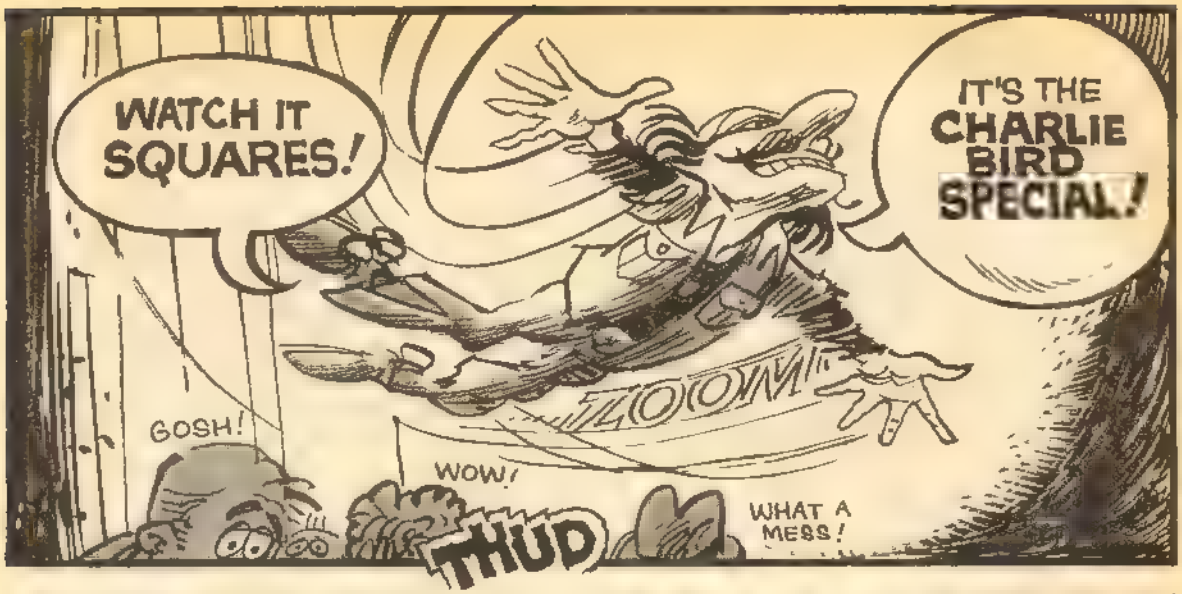

GOTCHA
GRAB
?
PERFECT, CAPTAIN!

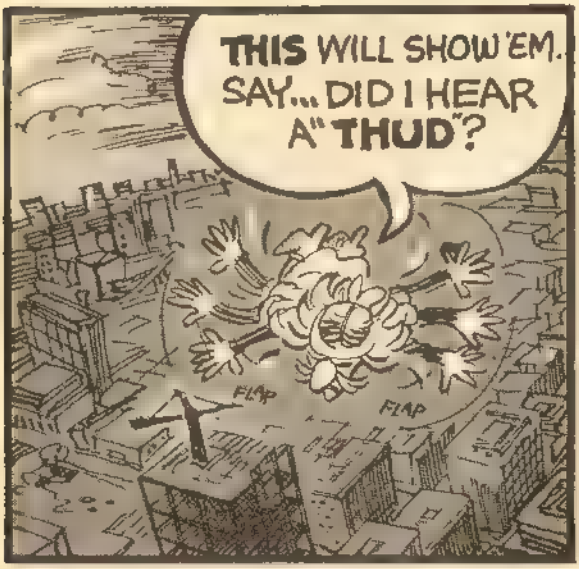

NOW WE CAN SAVE YOU!
DON'T BOTHER

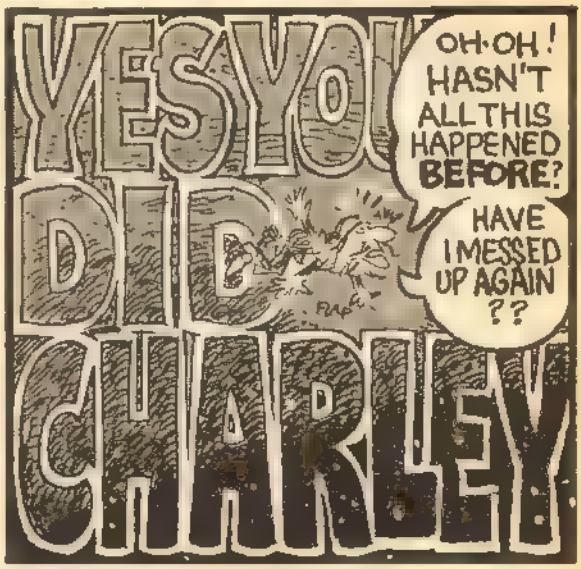

WHAT A BUMMER! EITHER I GET "SAVED" AND BECOME A PAWN IN THEIR CRAZY GAME, OR I GET DROPPED ON THE CROWD BELOW! WHAT THE HELL, MAYBE I CAN ESCAPE FROM THE HOSPITAL...
O.K. HERO, PULL ME UP!

OOPS

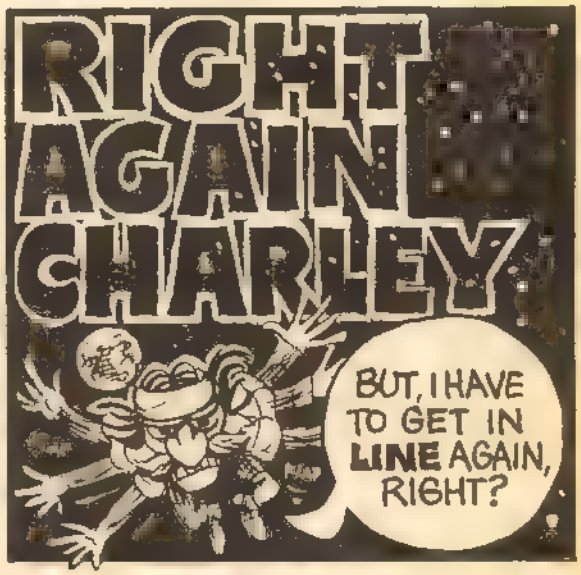

MY, MY HE STRUGGLED FREE!
DON'T WORRY, CAPTAIN, YOU SHOULD STILL GET A MEDAL - BESIDES - THIS WAY IS SO MUCH NEATER!
SCREW YOU BASTARDS! I'LL FLY!

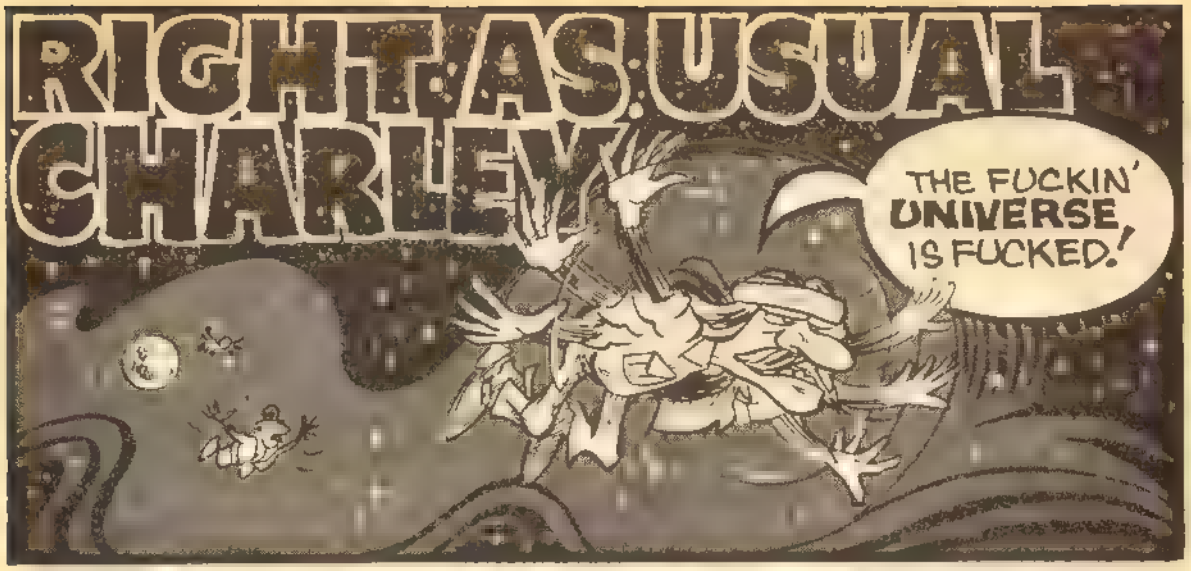

WATCH IT SQUARES!
IT'S THE CHARLIE BIRD SPECIAL!
ZOOM!
GOSH!
WOW!
THUD
WHAT A MESS!


THIS WILL SHOW 'EM. SAY... DID I HEAR A "THUD"?
FLAP
FLAP


YES YOU DID CHARLEY
OH-OH! HASN'T ALL THIS HAPPENED BEFORE?
HAVE I MESSED UP AGAIN ??
FLAP

YOU KEEP TRYING TO CHANGE THINGS CHARLEY
SOCIETY IS FUCKED
FLAP


RIGHT AGAIN CHARLEY
BUT, I HAVE TO GET IN LINE AGAIN, RIGHT?
FLAP


RIGHT AS USUAL CHARLEY
THE FUCKIN' UNIVERSE IS FUCKED!

TRY TO DEVELOP A LITTLE OVERVIEW CHARLEY
START OVER HERE
OH SURE (SIGH) IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM FAIR, THAT'S ALL...

FAIR? DON'T BELIEVE WE KNOW THE WORD CHARLEY
NATCH! IT FIGURES.

DEALER McDOPE in The Islands

THE SCENE: A TROPICAL ISLAND THAT SHALL REMAIN NAMELESS. DEALER AND HIS LADY, FLO WIFFIT, ARE ENJOYING A LIESURELY TOUR OF THE SECRET POT FIELDS THAT WILL SOON BRING JOY TO MILLIONS...

LET'S GIVE O'BRIAN THE FLYIN' HAWAIIAN A CALL. HE HAD SOME GREAT STUFF LAST SEASON!

WE'LL BE RIGHT ON TIME FOR THE ANNUAL HARVEST SMOKEFEST & LUAU, TOO!

O'BRIAN?! HOWYA DOIN'? GREAT! WHAT'S COOKIN'? NO KIDDING? YEAH! SURE! OK! WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE AIRPORT! YEAH, YOU TOO! SEE YA!!

HE SAYS HE'LL PICK US UP TOMORROW IN HIS NEW JET!

HE MUST BE DOING ALRIGHT THESE DAYS!

THE FOLLOWING DAY

ALOHA, KAMA AINA!!

GREAT TO SEE YA, BRAH! FROM THE LOOKS OF THAT CRATE I'D SAY THE BIG KAHUNA HAS BEEN WATCHING OVER YOU!

YEP! THE AH... CHARTER BUSINESS HAS BEEN GOOD THIS YEAR, HEH HEH!!

THE PARANOIA LEVEL HAS BEEN VERY HIGH HERE, BUT SO IS THIS YEARS CROP OF PAKALOLO*!! THE HEAT IS EVERYWHERE!

(sigh) IF THEY COULD ONLY CONCEIVE OF WHAT IT WOULD DO FOR THE ECONOMY...

*CRAZY WEED

...IF THEY'D REVERSE THINGS AND PROMOTE WEED INSTEAD OF SUGAR CANE! THE STANDARD OF LIVING WOULD JUMP 400%!!

HERE WE ARE FOLKS! OBRIAN'S ISLAND PALMS RUNWAY AND RESORT RENDEZVOUS!!

LATER

NOW WE TRY THIS! IT'S CALLED GOLDEN VOICE!

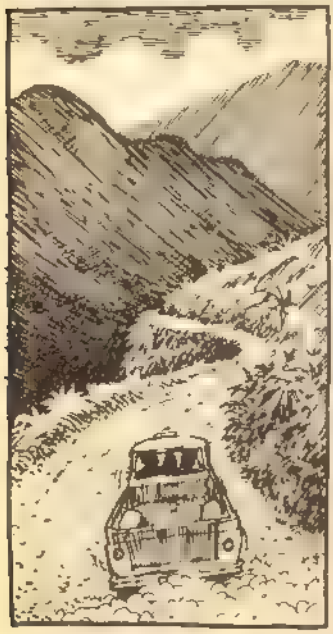
HOW YOU LIKE IT?

SNKK! SNK! SNK!

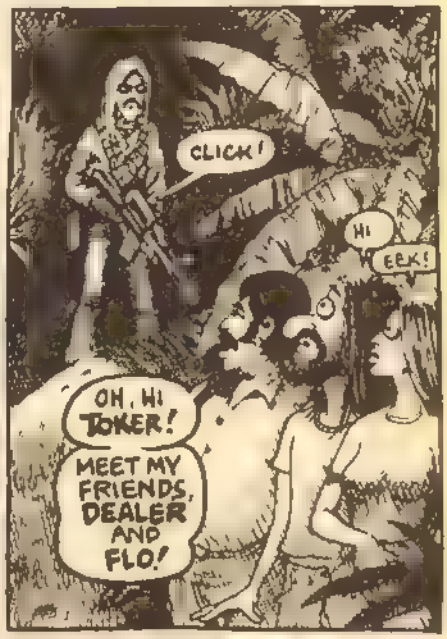
UN... GOOD.. REAL GOOD... HOW MUCH HAVE YOU .. GOT?

OH, 'BOUT 1900 LBS.
SAY, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SEE SOME FIELDS?
WITH PLEASURE!
LEAD THE WAY!

WE GOT SOME NEW PATCHES UP 'ROUND 3500 FT.! THAT STUFF'S SO GOOD YOU GET THE D.T.'S! HEE HEE!



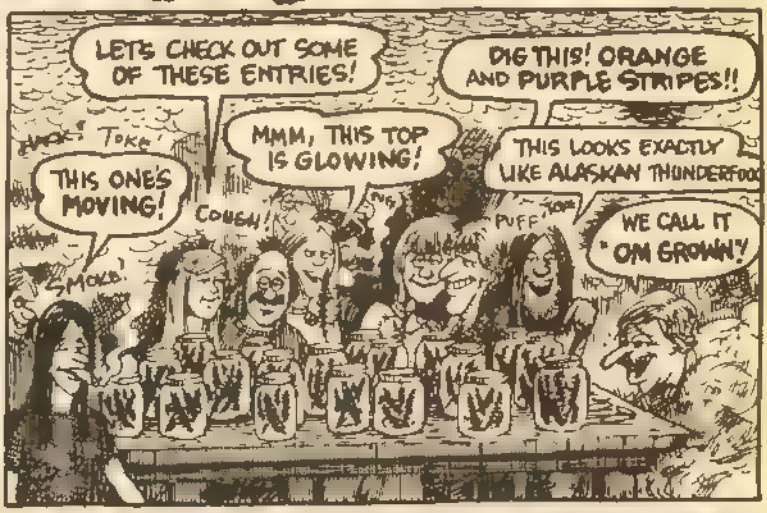
EVERYTHING PLANTED OUT THERE IS SINSEMILLA!
WHERE? I DON'T SEE A THING!
THAT'S THE IDEA!


CLICK!
HI
EEK!
OH, HI TOKER!
MEET MY FRIENDS, DEALER AND FLO!

HOWDY, FOLKS!
SAY, OBRIAN, AREN'T YOU ON THE COMMITTEE TO JUDGE THE ENTRIES IN THE BUD COMPETITION?
THEY'RE BRINGING THE SAMPLES TO YOUR HOUSE NOW!

THERE'S A GOOD SHOT OF MY SPREAD! THAT STRIP AT THE END OF THE RUNWAY IS MY OWN SPECIAL CROP! NOTHING BUT TOPS!

Not to Mention:
GUMSHOE BEAUMONT, UNBALANCED GEORGE, LARRY THE HAT, MR. SPHINX, ROACHETTA & THE CLIPS, JAKE AND FLAKE, THE GRIN TWINS, MINGO WEED, THE SKUNK, POTATO BUD, FLUFF AND RASTY, LIMEY JACK, THE GRAPER BROTHERS, PUNA BUTTER BILL, CHIEF BUBBLE GUM, DOOBIE DAN, AIRBORNE ED, SLIPPERY DICK, ETC., ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC. ...



SIX HOURS LATER, AMID FEASTING AND SMOKING AND ROCKING AND ROLLING, DEALER AND FLO SET OUT TO FIND A SECLUDED SPOT OVERLOOKING THE PEACEFUL MOONLIT SEA...

HOLY SHIT! THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING!

I THINK I'M GOING TO PEE MY PANTS!

IT'S AWFULLY SMALL! DO YOU THINK THERE ARE ANY PEOPLE INSIDE??

IMAGINE! THE FIRST ALIENS TO LAND, AND THEY DO IT AT OUR PARTY!!

SHH!

IT'S MAKING NOISE!

THIS IS BLOWING MY MIND!!

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS?

I THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK

THIS REMINDS ME OF THAT SCENE IN "WAR OF THE WORLDS"!

BEEP BEEP BOOP BEEP

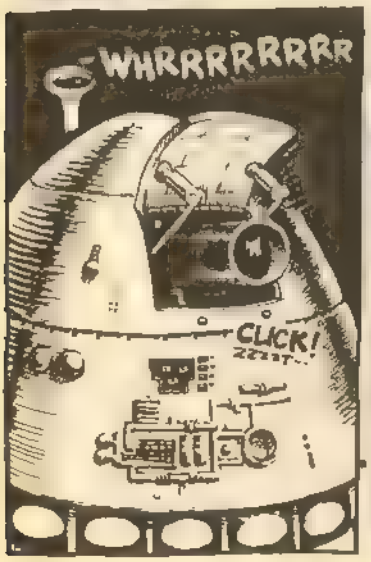
CLICK!

BZZZZZ

MMM MMM

CLICKITY CLICK!

THUD



YOU KILLED IT! A PRICELESS TREASURE FROM ANOTHER WORLD AND YOU KILLED IT!!
PRICELESS NOTHING! LOOK AT THIS PLATE THAT FELL OFF!

THIS MUST'VE COST THE AMERICAN TAXPAYERS AT LEAST FIVE MILLION BUCKS!
PROPERTY U.S. GOV'T.
DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION
CONTRACT NO. 033896-0721
SPECIFICATION NO. 04-55-115
SEECOMSAT; INFRARED
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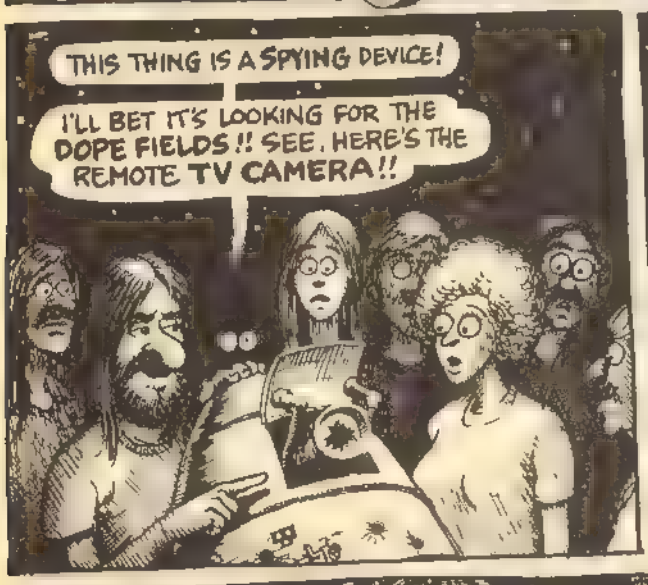

THIS THING IS A SPYING DEVICE!
I'LL BET IT'S LOOKING FOR THE DOPE FIELDS!! SEE, HERE'S THE REMOTE TV CAMERA!!

THERE'S NO TELLING HOW LONG IT'S BEEN UP THERE WATCHING! THEY COULD BE ON THEIR WAY HERE RIGHT NOW!!
EEEK!! A BUST!!!

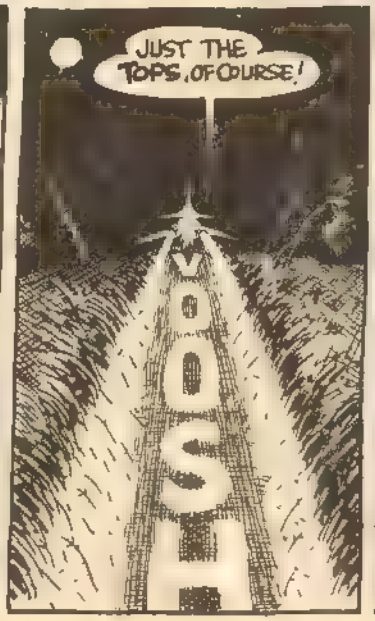
UH, GANG, I THINK WE'D BETTER TAKE A LITTLE RIDE...

HURRY! I THINK I HEAR HELICOPTERS!!

RROOAAARR
WHAT ABOUT ALL YOUR DOPE?

LUCKILY, I AM PREPARED FOR SUCH EMERGENCIES...
CLICK!
SCREEEEEE
CLUNK!
IN' HAWAIIAN
BOTH WINGS ARE FITTED WITH SPRING-LOADED CUTTERS AND SPECIAL VACUUM CHUTES...

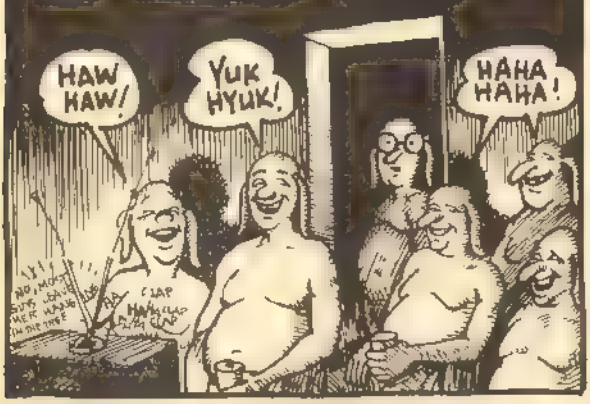
...THAT SUCK IT ALL UP INTO BIG PLASTIC BAGS IN THE BACK OF THE PLANE!
SUUUUCK

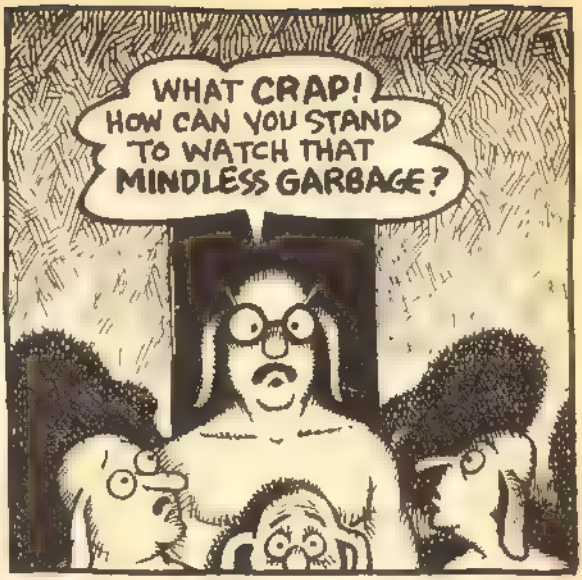

JUST THE TOPS, OF COURSE!
VOOOSH

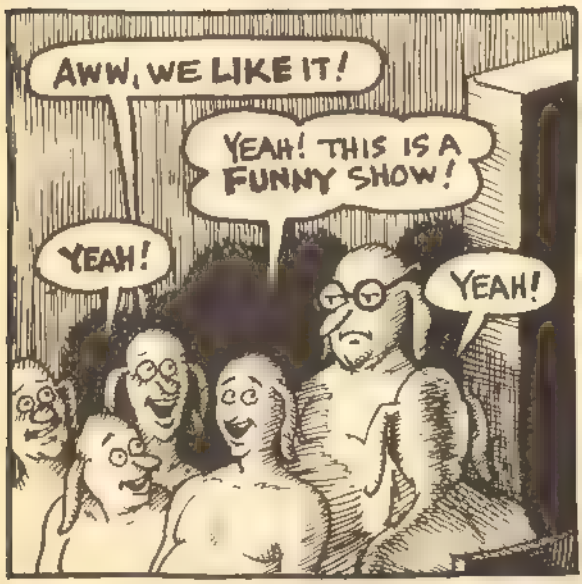
WHERE ARE WE HEADED NOW, OBRIAN?
WELL, I GOTTA FULL TANK, SO HOW ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO?
OOH, DEALER! LET'S GO!!
THE END

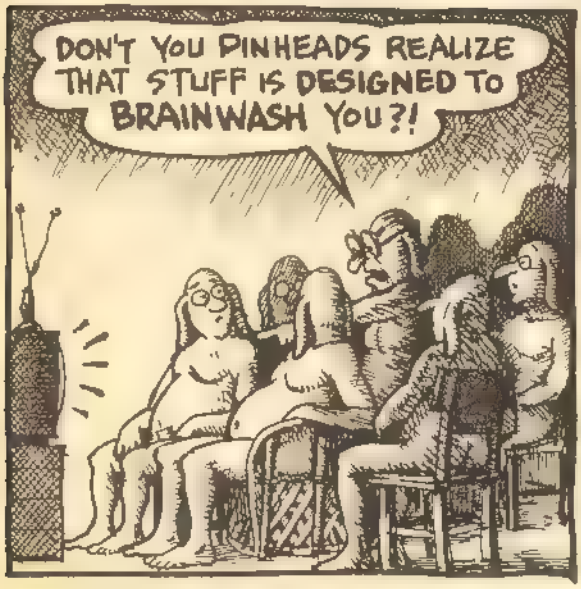
Nerds

DAVE SHERIDAN





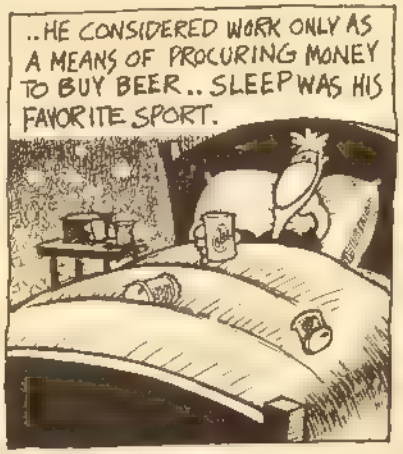


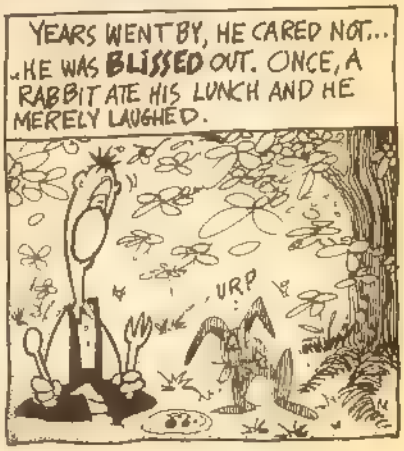


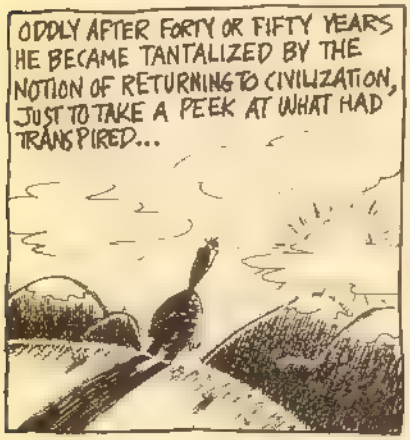
STUPID STORIES

UNSPEAKABLY STUPID!

WITH CLYDE HASSELROAD







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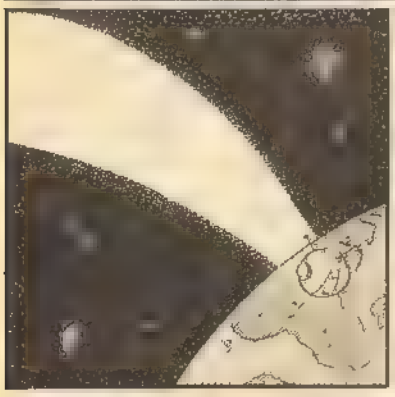
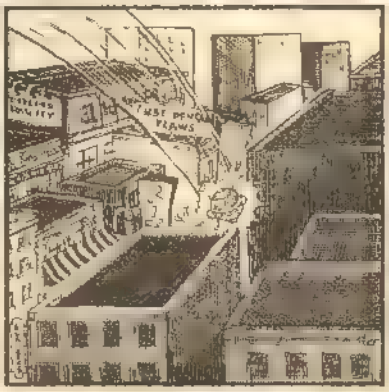
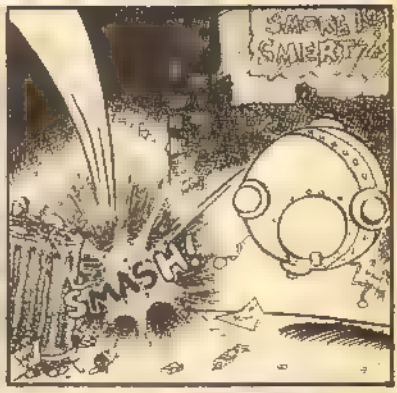
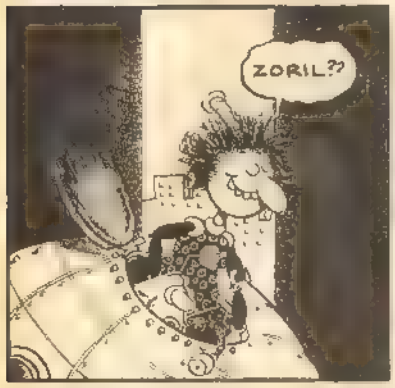
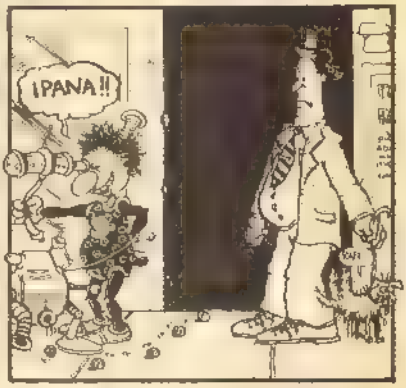
LUNCHEON COUNTERS OF THE WORST KIND

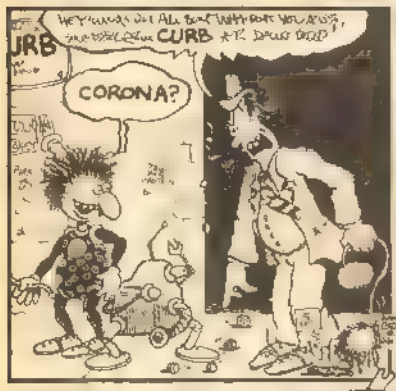


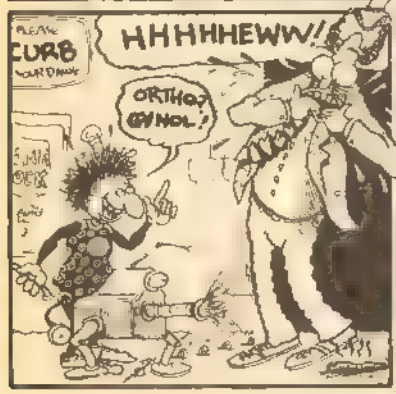


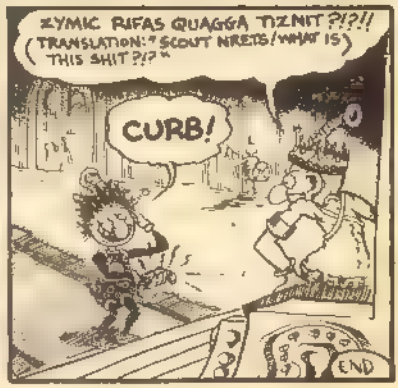




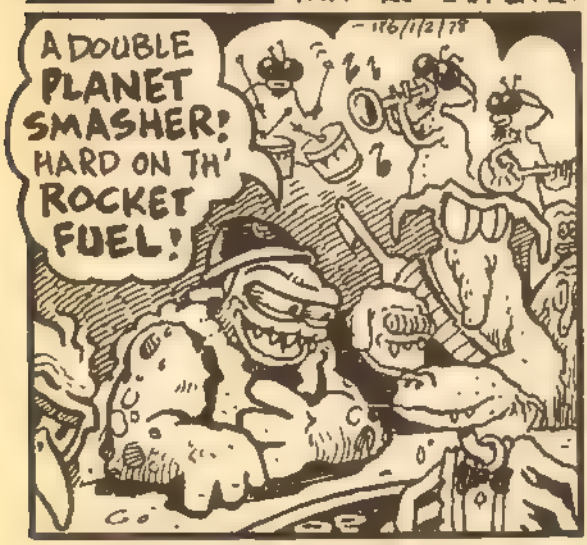


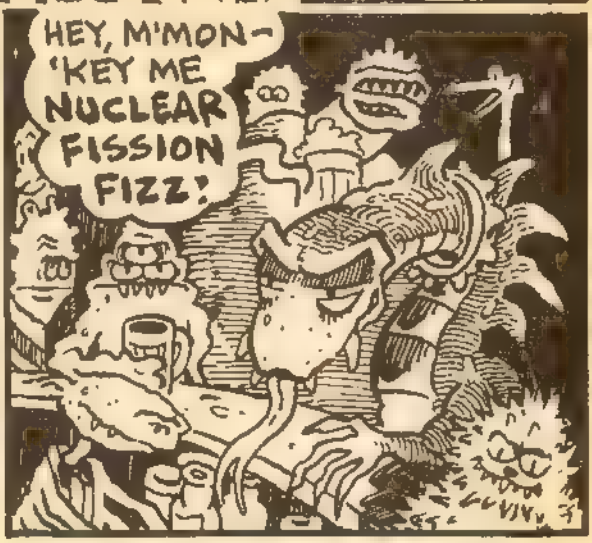






STAR WEEVILS
THE BARROOM SCENE





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WONDER WART-HOG in "RETURN FROM THE PLANET OF THE PIGS"

SOME OF YOU REALLY AVID WONDER WART-HOG FANS MAY BE WONDERING HOW WE CAN BE TALKING ABOUT THE COUNTRY'S "RETURNING TO NORMAL" WHEN DURING THE LAST APPEARANCE OF THE HOG OF STEEL IN A COMIC BOOK (H-BOMB FUNNIES, RIP OFF PRESS, SAN FRANCISCO, 1967) THE ENTIRE EARTH WAS FRIED TO A CRISP BY MILLIONS OF TINY NUCLEAR BOMBS, AND OUR SUPER SWINE, THE SOLE SURVIVING INHABITANT, WAS FORCED TO FOLLOW THE CONQUERING SPACE FLEET BACK TO THEIR DISTANT HOME PLANET URANUS AND THERE TO SEEK EMPLOYMENT.

LOOK! A STRANGE PIG!

YOU CAN'T LAND HERE, BOY! THIS IS A PRIVATE CLUB!

YOU MUST REPORT TO THE MINISTRY OF IMMIGRATION, DOWNTOWN!

OUR PORKER WAS GIVEN A SHOVEL AND TOLD HE WOULD GET $20 A DAY FOR EACH FULL DAY'S WORK.

WHAT THEY DIDN'T TELL HIM WAS THAT, DUE TO THE TILT OF ITS AXIS, URANUS' DAYS COULD BE AS LONG AS FORTY YEARS BACK ON THE (NOW FRIED) PLANET EARTH.

URANUS, ONE BILLION MILES FROM SUN.

EARTH, 93,000,000 MILES FROM SUN.

WONDER WART-HOG SOON GREW ACCUSTOMED TO THE NEW SCHEDULE. BUT OFTEN, AS HE WAS SHOVELING, HE WOULD DREAM IDLY ABOUT HIS FORMER HOME.

I... I WONDER IF THERE WERE ANY SURVIVORS OF THAT HOLOCAUST? IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THERE COULD HAVE BEEN, BUT...

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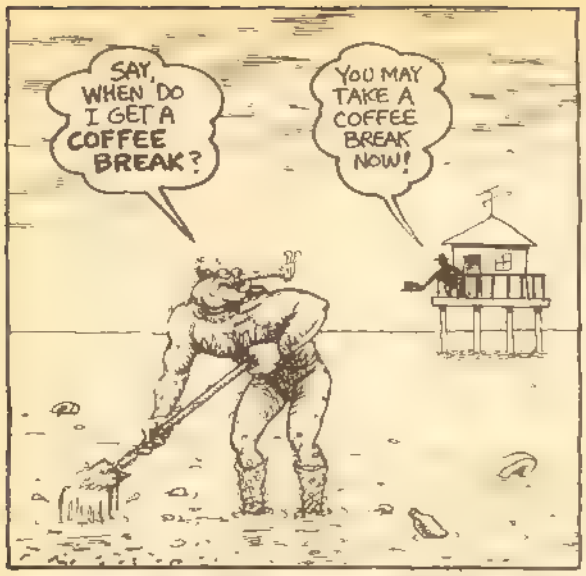
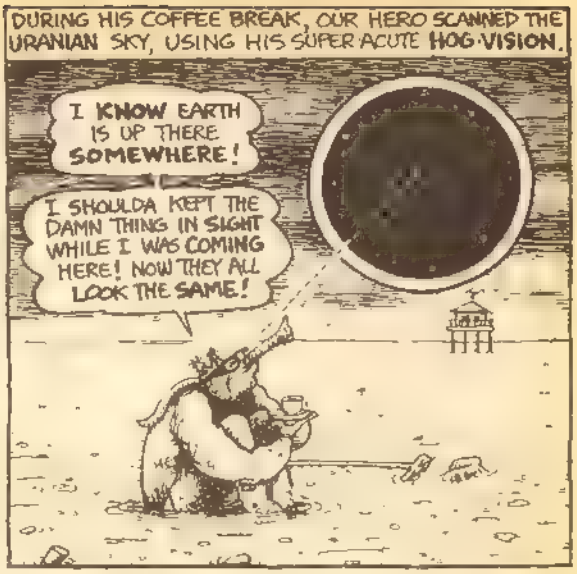
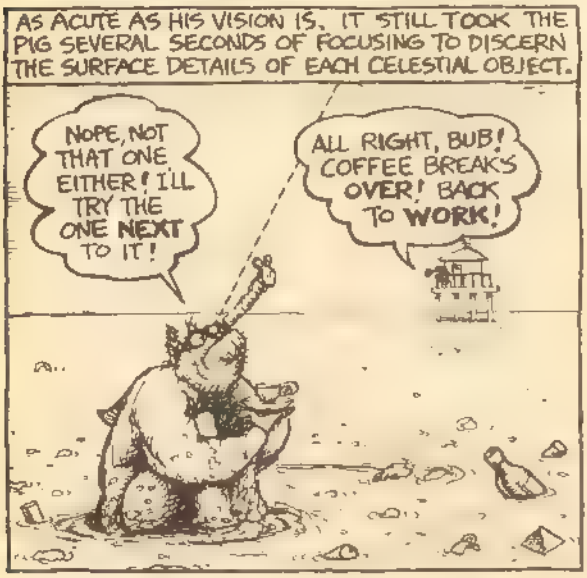
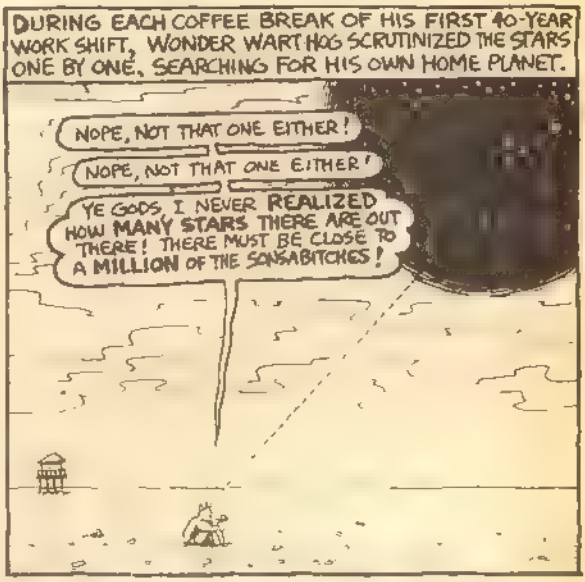
I'D GO CHECK THE PLACE OUT, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH DIRECTION IT IS!

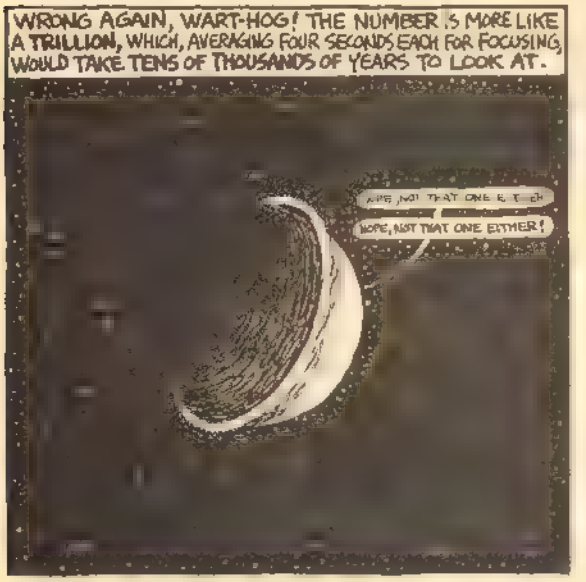
HEY, BUB! QUIT GOLDBRICKING AND PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR WORK!

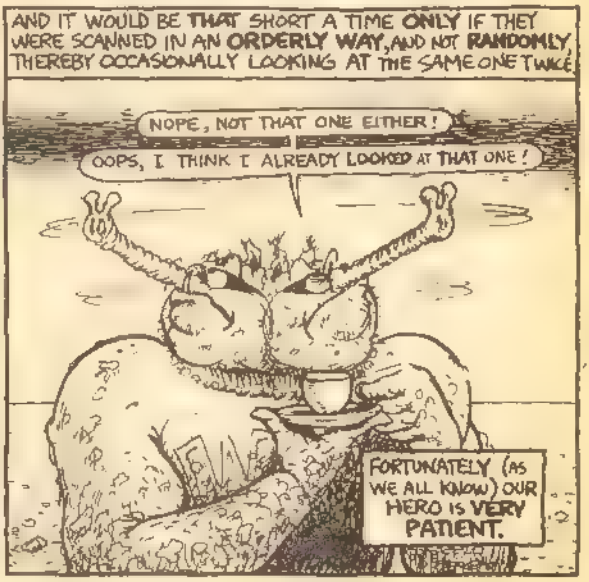

SAY, WHEN DO I GET A COFFEE BREAK?
YOU MAY TAKE A COFFEE BREAK NOW!


DURING HIS COFFEE BREAK, OUR HERO SCANNED THE URANIAN SKY, USING HIS SUPER ACUTE HOG-VISION.
I KNOW EARTH IS UP THERE SOMEWHERE!
I SHOULDA KEPT THE DAMN THING IN SIGHT WHILE I WAS COMING HERE! NOW THEY ALL LOOK THE SAME!


AS ACUTE AS HIS VISION IS, IT STILL TOOK THE PIG SEVERAL SECONDS OF FOCUSING TO DISCERN THE SURFACE DETAILS OF EACH CELESTIAL OBJECT.
NOPE, NOT THAT ONE EITHER! I'LL TRY THE ONE NEXT TO IT!
ALL RIGHT, BUB! COFFEE BREAK'S OVER! BACK TO WORK!


DURING EACH COFFEE BREAK OF HIS FIRST 40-YEAR WORK SHIFT, WONDER WART HOG SCRUTINIZED THE STARS ONE BY ONE, SEARCHING FOR HIS OWN HOME PLANET.
NOPE, NOT THAT ONE EITHER!
NOPE, NOT THAT ONE EITHER!
YE GODS, I NEVER REALIZED HOW MANY STARS THERE ARE OUT THERE! THERE MUST BE CLOSE TO A MILLION OF THE SONSABITCHES!


WRONG AGAIN, WART-HOG! THE NUMBER IS MORE LIKE A TRILLION, WHICH, AVERAGING FOUR SECONDS EACH FOR FOCUSING, WOULD TAKE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS TO LOOK AT.
NOPE, NOT THAT ONE EITHER!


AND IT WOULD BE THAT SHORT A TIME ONLY IF THEY WERE SCANNED IN AN ORDERLY WAY, AND NOT RANDOMLY, THEREBY OCCASIONALLY LOOKING AT THE SAME ONE TWICE.
NOPE, NOT THAT ONE EITHER!
OOPS, I THINK I ALREADY LOOKED AT THAT ONE!
FORTUNATELY (AS WE ALL KNOW) OUR HERO IS VERY PATIENT.

EVENTUALLY WONDER WART-HOG'S LONG WORKSHIFT CAME TO AN END AND HE WAS GIVEN HIS FIRST DAY'S SALARY.

TWEEEEEET! PAY TIME!

HERE YOU ARE, BOY! A NICE CRISP URANIAN TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL!

STAY OUT OF TROUBLE, NOW, AND REPORT BACK HERE AT SUNRISE!

WHICH WAY IS IT TO TOWN? I FORGOT!

IT'S OVER THERE! BUT STAY AWAY FROM THE "WHOOPEE DISTRICT!" THOSE HARLOTS WILL TAKE YOUR TWENTY DOLLARS AWAY FROM YOU PLENTY QUICK! (SNICKER! GIGGLE!)

OUR HERO WAS NOT INTERESTED IN THE PLEASURES OF THE FLESH, HOWEVER. INSTEAD, HE PUT HIS TWENTY DOLLARS IN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT AND SOUGHT A NIGHT-SHIFT JOB.

ACME ANCHOR AND ANVIL WORKS

NIGHT WATCHMAN WANTED APPLY WITHIN

AND IN HIS SPARE MOMENTS HE CONTINUED TO PEER AT THE HEAVENS, EVER SEARCHING FOR HIS HOME PLANET, EARTH.

NOPE, NOT THAT ONE EITHER!

NOPE, NOT THAT ONE EITHER!

NOPE, NOT THAT ONE EITHER!

GOSH DARN IT, I ALREADY LOOKED AT THAT ONE!

TWICE!

BUT EVEN IF WONDER WART-HOG HAD BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE EARTH HE WOULD HAVE BEEN PROFOUNDLY DISAPPOINTED, FOR INDEED THE ENTIRE GLOBE HAD BEEN SCOURED BY THE URANIAN BOMBS, LEAVING NOT A SURVIVOR.

IT WAS A GOOD THING AFTER ALL THAT WONDER WART-HOG WAS UNABLE TO LOCATE EARTH AT FIRST, BECAUSE HE WOULD HAVE FOUND NOT A LIVING THING.

HOWEVER, OWING TO THE FAVORABLE CLIMATE (AND THE STIMULATING EFFECTS OF RADIOACTIVE FALLOUT), LIFE AGAIN BEGAN TO EVOLVE OUT OF THE OOZE.

BLORP

POOT

PHWEEP

MEANWHILE OUR HERO CONTINUED HIS PATIENT SEARCH.

NOPE, NOT THAT ONE EITHER!

NOPE, NOT THAT ONE EITHER!

NOPE, NOT THAT ONE EITHER!

OH NO, NOT THAT ONE AGAIN! I MUST'VE LOOKED AT THAT ONE TWELVE TIMES!

STOP

AFTER SOME YEARS (68,823 OF THEM, TO BE EXACT) THE HOG OF STEEL FINALLY SPIED HIS DISTANT HOME.

NOPE, NOT THAT ONE EITHER!

NOPE, NOT THAT ONE EITHER!

AHA! THAT LOOKS LIKE THE ONE!

TOLL 5

BY THAT TIME EARTH HAD DEVELOPED TO THE SAME POINT, MORE OR LESS, THAT IT HAD BEFORE THE BOMBS.

HONK

SQUEAL

BEEP

TOOT

CLANG

CRASH

RUMBLE

CRY

BARK

RATTLE

WHISTLE

BONK

WHINE

ROAR

TWEET

SPARE CHANGE?

SET A JOB!

MOVE IT OR PARK IT MISTER!

HAVE YOU TALKED TO GOD TODAY MADAM?

EVEN A SECOND WONDER WART-HOG NOW EXISTED, WHO, IF ANYTHING, WAS LARGER, UGLIER, AND LESS INTELLIGENT THAN THE ORIGINAL BACK ON URANUS.

LOOK! CAUGHT UP THERE IN THE POWER LINES!

IT'S A BIRD!

IT'S A PLANE!

NO, IT'S ONLY THAT DUMB WONDER WART-HOG SCREW AS UP AGAIN!

THE DUPLICATE WONDER WART-HOG ON THE REGENERATED PLANET EARTH SHARED ALL THE FEATURES OF OUR HERO.

HEY, WONDER WART-HOG! YOU'RE **SUPPOSED** TO CHANGE INTO YOUR COSTUME INSIDE ONE OF THOSE **OLD-FASHIONED** TYPE PHONE BOOTHS THAT EVERYONE CAN'T **SEE** THROUGH!

CRASH

RATTLE

EPHONE

YOU DUMMY! DO YOU WANT EVERYBODY TO KNOW YOUR **SECRET IDENTITY**?

THUMP

BANG

BACK ON URANUS, THE **REAL** WONDER WART-HOG, HAVING FINALLY SPOTTED HIS FORMER HOME, WAS TYING UP THE LOOSE ENDS OF HIS WORKING CAREER.

I'M QUITTING! HERE'S MY EQUIPMENT!

OKAY! BUT BEFORE YOU **LEAVE** YOU MUST FILL OUT THESE **FORMS**!

FORMS?

YES! YOU DON'T THINK YOU CAN JUST **JUMP UP** AND **LEAVE** WITHOUT DOING THE **PAPERWORK**, DO YOU?

ALL FINISHED? GOOD! NOW, JUST TAKE THOSE PAPERS TO YOUR NEXT EMPLOYER, AND...

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO **GET** ANOTHER JOB! I'M **LEAVING** URANUS **FOREVER**!

WELL, IN **THAT** CASE, YOU FILLED OUT THE **WRONG FORMS**! WHAT YOU WANT ARE THESE APPLICATIONS FOR A PRELIMINARY HEARING ON A REQUEST FOR AN **EMIGRATION** EXAMINATION FORM!

FACED WITH MORE PAPERWORK THAN HE COULD TOLERATE, THE HOG OF STEEL LEFT BEHIND HIS SAVINGS ACCOUNT AND PENSION BENEFITS IN A HASTY EXIT TO EARTH.

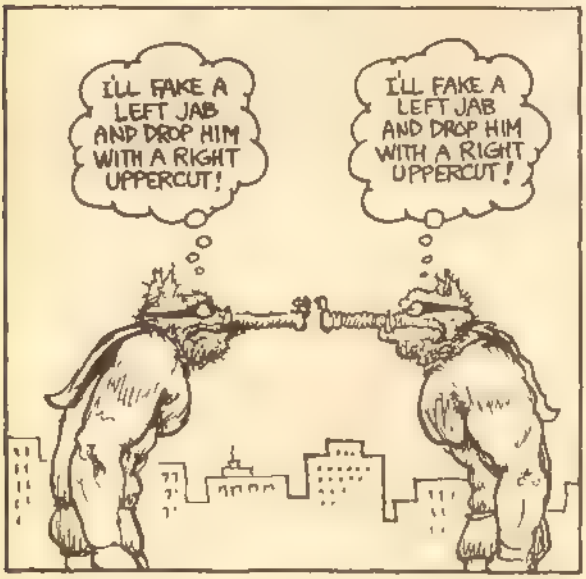
MUTTER MUTTER

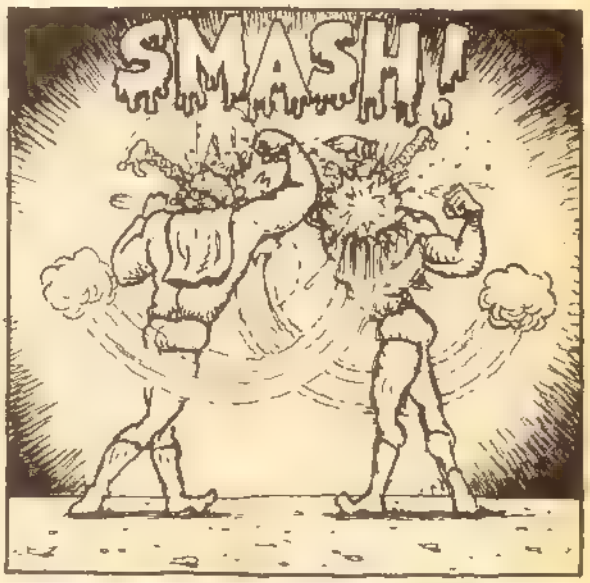
WHO ARE **YOU**? WHAT ARE YOU **DOING** HERE?

WHO ARE **YOU**? WHAT ARE **YOU** DOING HERE?

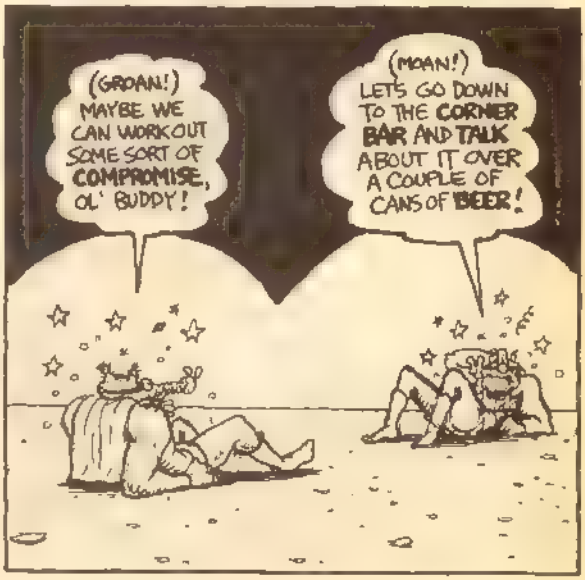
I'M WONDER WART-HOG!
YOU COULDN'T BE! I'M WONDER WART-HOG!
WAIT A MINUTE! SHUT UP, WILL YOU?

HEY, LISTEN, I'M THE GENUINE WONDER WART-HOG AND I CAME FROM
WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT...


I'LL FAKE A LEFT JAB AND DROP HIM WITH A RIGHT UPPERCUT!
I'LL FAKE A LEFT JAB AND DROP HIM WITH A RIGHT UPPERCUT!


SMASH!

HONK
BEEP
RATTLE
WHOOSH
SCREECH
ROAR


(GROAN!) MAYBE WE CAN WORKOUT SOME SORT OF COMPROMISE, OL' BUDDY!
(MOAN!) LET'S GO DOWN TO THE CORNER BAR AND TALK ABOUT IT OVER A COUPLE OF CANS OF BEER!

DOWN AT THE CORNER BAR, SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE MUTHALODE BUNGERS (A PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL TEAM) WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ANIMATED CONVERSATION.

AND WHILE THEIR QUARTERBACK WAS LYING THERE IN AGONY, DISTRACTED BY HIS BROKEN LEG, I SNUCK UP AND REACHED INSIDE HIS FACE MASK AND POKED OUT ONE OF HIS EYES!!

HAW HAW! SLICK MOVE, BILLY JOE! REMEMBER THE TIME YOU AND ME PULLED A PLACEKICKER'S HEAD PLUMB OFF? HEE HEE HEE!

HEY, BACKSHOT! DID YOU EVER GROW BACK THOSE TOES I BIT OFF WHEN I WAS PLAYING FOR THE SEATTLE PSYCHOS?

ON THE HOUSE, BOYS!

THAT'S RIGHT, BARTENDER! KEEP 'EM COMING!

YEAH, KEEP US HAPPY, MAC! YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE GET SURLY! HAR HAR HAR!

EXCUSE ME!

BARTENDER! TWO KEGS OF BEER!

UM... THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA! TWO KEGS OF BEER FOR ME, TOO!

GLUCK GLUCK GLUCK GLUCK GLUCK GLUCK

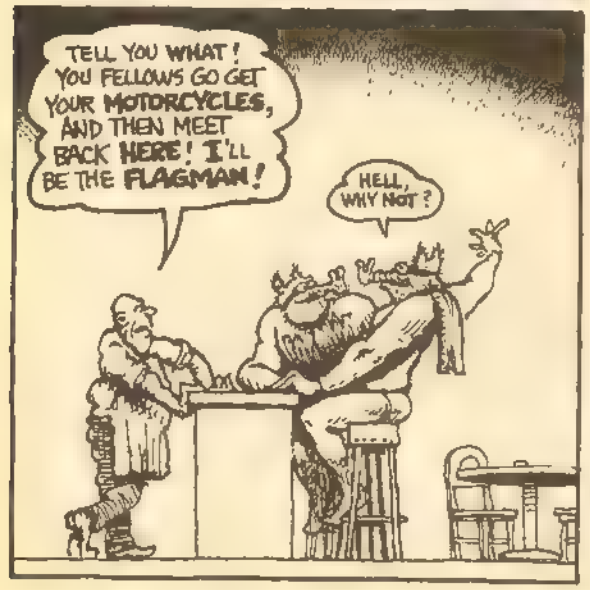
IT'S BEEN A BAD DAY!

I HATE TO SAY THIS, GOOD BUDDY, BUT THIS HERE PLANET ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!
IT'S SAD BUT TRUE!

BUT WE'VE ALREADY PROVEN THAT SHEER PHYSICAL FORCE IS USELESS IN RESOLVING OUR DIFFERENCES!
WE'RE TOO EVENLY MATCHED!

YOU BOYS LOOKING FOR A WAY TO SETTLE A PERSONAL DISAGREEMENT? HOW ABOUT RUNNING SOME SORT OF RACE?

GREAT IDEA! HOW ABOUT A MOTORCYCLE RACE?
SAY! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF FUN!


TELL YOU WHAT! YOU FELLOWS GO GET YOUR MOTORCYCLES, AND THEN MEET BACK HERE! I'LL BE THE FLAGMAN!
HELL, WHY NOT?

AT EIGHT FEET ELEVEN AND A HALF INCHES AND FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE POUNDS, THE DUPLICATE WONDER WART-HOG SLIGHTLY OUTWEIGHS HIS OPPONENT, BUT THIS WEIGHT HANDICAP IS MORE THAN OFFSET BY THE FACT THAT HE IS AN EXPERT MOTORCYCLE RIDER.
STANDING EIGHT FOOT ELEVEN AND A QUARTER AND TIPPING THE SCALES AT FIVE TWENTY-NINE, THE GENUINE WONDER WART-HOG, WHO HAS SPENT THE LAST 68,823 YEARS ON THE PLANET URANUS, IS UNABLE TO REMEMBER A SINGLE THING ABOUT MOTORCYCLES.
MOTORCYCLE!
MOTORCYCLE!
BAR

BEING THE MORE KNOWLEDGEABLE OF THE PAIR IN THE FIELD OF MOTORCYCLE RACING, THE **DUPLICATE** WONDER WART-HOG HUSTLES OFF TO THE **MOTOCROSS** BIKE SHOP.

FUEL UP THAT 1600 cc FACTORY RACING-TEAM **PESCURRIDIZO**, AND MAKE IT **SNAPPY!** I'VE GOT AN **IMPORTANT RACE** COMING UP IN AN **HOUR!** CAN I WRITE YOU A **CHECK**?

CERTAINLY, WONDER WART HOG! YOU'RE ONE OF OUR **BEST CUSTOMERS!**

THE **ORIGINAL** WONDER WART HOG IS FORCED TO MAKE A CHOICE BASED ON HIS LIMITED UNDERSTANDING OF THINGS

LET'S SEE

MOTION PICTURES. MOTOR HOMES.. **MOTORCYCLES**

TELEPHONE

FLIP FLIP FLIP FLIP FLIP

WHAT'S THE **MOST EXPENSIVE** MOTORCYCLE YOU **HAVE**?

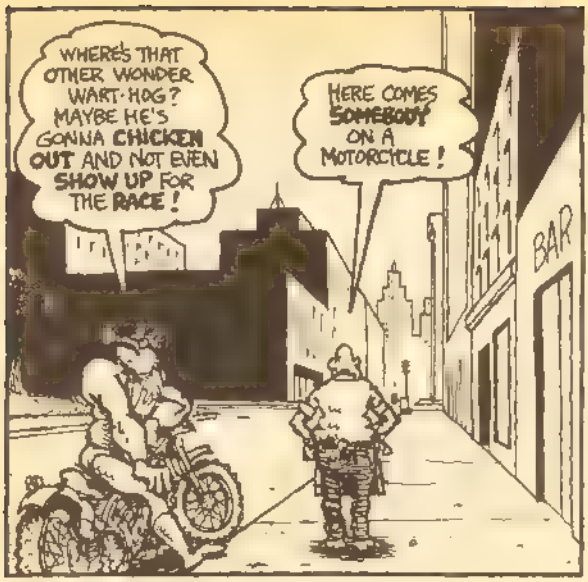
THAT WOULD BE THE NEW HEFFALUMP-DUMPALOON 160-CUBIC-INCH RADIAL FOUR, SIR! WITH **ACCESSORIES**, IT COMES TO EXACTLY **$14,387.46!**

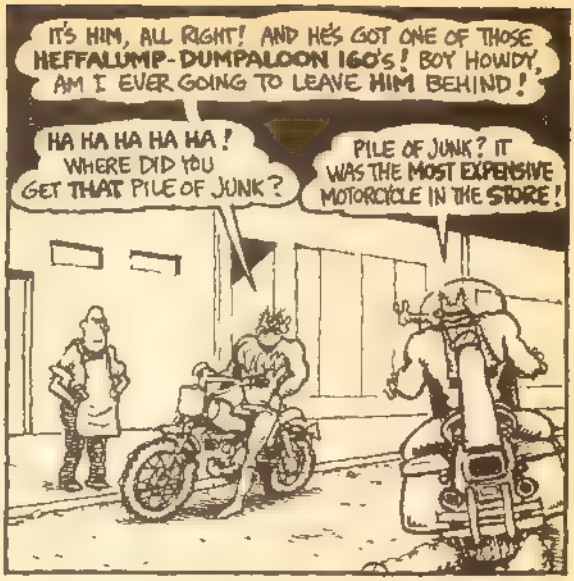
I'LL **TAKE** IT!

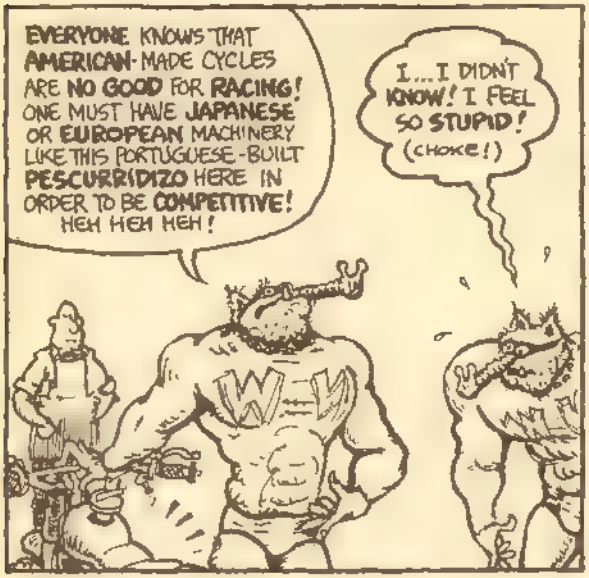
YES, **SIR!** WILL THAT BE CASH, CHECK, OR CREDIT CARD?

(OH, MY GOSH, I **FORGOT!** ALL I HAVE IS THIS **URANIAN** CURRENCY! HOW **EMBARRASSING!**)

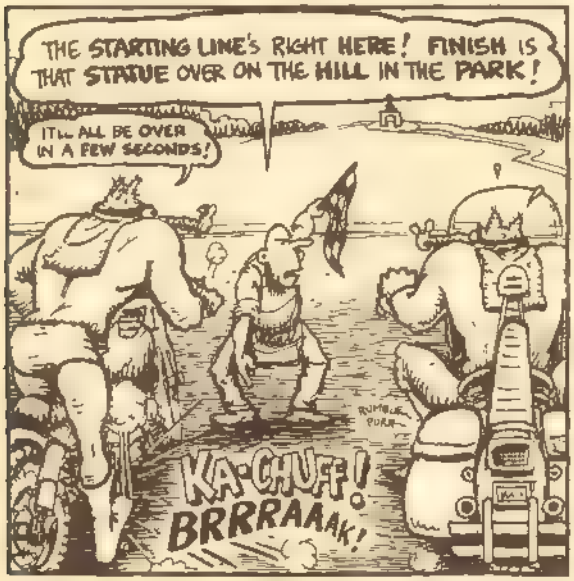
ER.. WAIT JUST A MINUTE!


WHERE'S THAT OTHER WONDER WART-HOG? MAYBE HE'S GONNA CHICKEN OUT AND NOT EVEN SHOW UP FOR THE RACE!
HERE COMES SOMEBODY ON A MOTORCYCLE!
BAR


IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! AND HE'S GOT ONE OF THOSE HEFFALUMP-DUMPALOON 160'S! BOY HOWDY, AM I EVER GOING TO LEAVE HIM BEHIND!
HA HA HA HA HA! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT PILE OF JUNK?
PILE OF JUNK? IT WAS THE MOST EXPENSIVE MOTORCYCLE IN THE STORE!


EVERYONE KNOWS THAT AMERICAN-MADE CYCLES ARE NO GOOD FOR RACING! ONE MUST HAVE JAPANESE OR EUROPEAN MACHINERY LIKE THIS PORTUGUESE-BUILT PESCURRIDIZO HERE IN ORDER TO BE COMPETITIVE! HEH HEH HEH!
I...I DIDN'T KNOW! I FEEL SO STUPID! (CHOKE!)

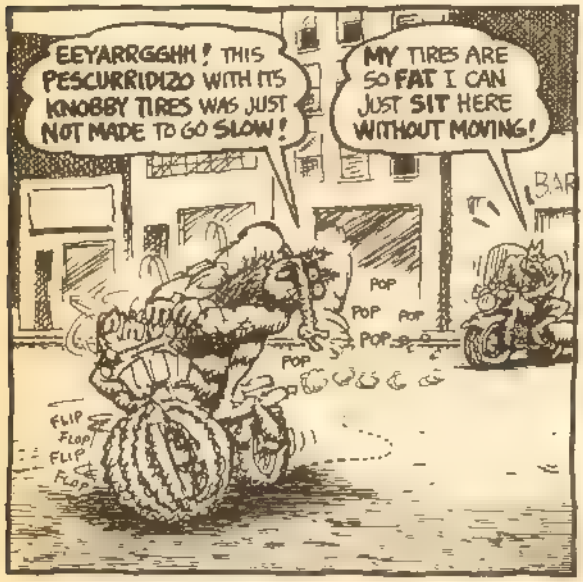
OKAY, FELLOWS, TIME TO RACE! YOU BOTH AGREE TO FOLLOW THE COURSE I SET AND TO ABIDE BY THE RULES THAT I LAY DOWN?
(SNICKER!) I AGREE!
(HEFFALUMP-DUMPALOON, HAW HAW HAW!)
(MOAN!) I AGREE, TOO, EVEN THOUGH I DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

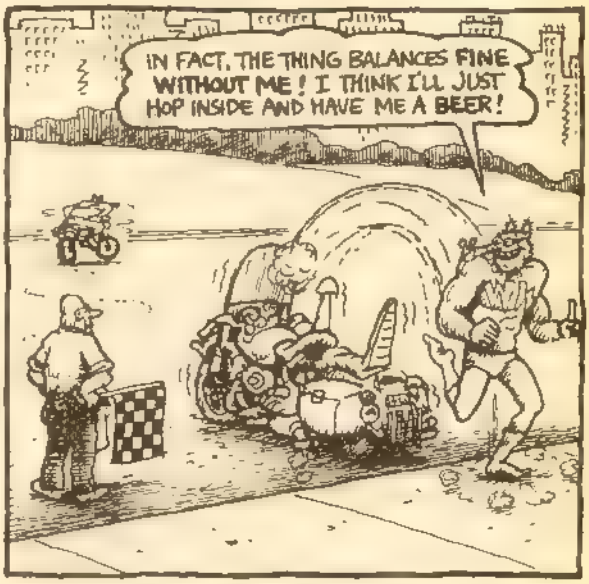

THE STARTING LINE'S RIGHT HERE! FINISH IS THAT STATUE OVER ON THE HILL IN THE PARK!
IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN A FEW SECONDS!
RUMBLE PURR
KA-CHUFF! BRRRAAAAK!

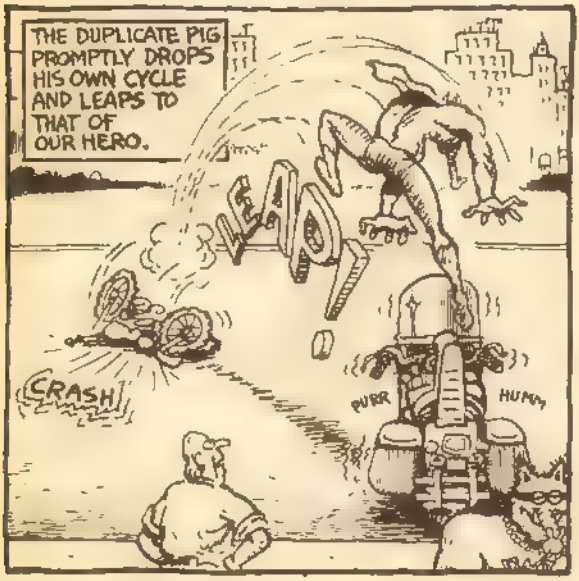
AND THE WINNER WILL BE THE ONE WHOSE MOTORCYCLE CROSSES THE FINISH LINE LAST!
READY, SET, GO!!!
?
?

I SAID "GO!" WHAT'RE YOU WAITING FOR?
ER, UH.. DID YOU SAY THE WINNER WAS THE ONE WHO CROSSED THE FINISH LINE LAST?

THE WINNER IS THE ONE WHOSE MOTORCYCLE CROSSES THE FINISH LAST! NOW GET YOUR FEET OFF THE GROUND OR I'LL DISQUALIFY YOU!
IT'S GONNA BE A SLOWNESS CONTEST! MAYBE MY HEFFALUMP-DUMPALOON RADIAL FOUR HAS A CHANCE AFTER ALL!


EEYARRGGHH! THIS PESCURRIDIZO WITH ITS KNOBBY TIRES WAS JUST NOT MADE TO GO SLOW!
MY TIRES ARE SO FAT I CAN JUST SIT HERE WITHOUT MOVING!
BAR
POP POP POP POP POP
FLIP FLOP FLIP FLOP


IN FACT, THE THING BALANCES FINE WITHOUT ME! I THINK I'LL JUST HOP INSIDE AND HAVE ME A BEER!


THE DUPLICATE PIG PROMPTLY DROPS HIS OWN CYCLE AND LEAPS TO THAT OF OUR HERO.
CRASH
PURR
HUMM

YOU NITWIT! YOU LET HIM GET ON YOUR MOTORCYCLE, AND NOW HE'S RIDING OFF AS FAST AS IT WILL GO! THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN WIN NOW IS TO GET ON HIS BIKE AND BEAT HIM TO THE FINISH!
RUMBLE

THE DUPLICATE WONDER WART-HOG HAS FIGURED OUT A WAY TO CONSIDERABLY SHORTEN THE SLOWNESS RACE:

IF THE **WINNER** IS THE ONE WHOSE **MOTORCYCLE** CROSSES THE FINISH LINE **LAST**, AND I TAKE **HIS** SCOOTER ACROSS **FIRST**, THAT WILL MAKE **ME** THE WINNER **AUTOMATICALLY!**

MY MOTORCYCLE! MY MOTORCYCLE!

WHOOSH!

GLIIIIDE

THE **ORIGINAL** WONDER WART-HOG, A NEOPHYTE AT MOTORCYCLE RACING, MAKES SEVERAL FUTILE ATTEMPTS AT PURSUIT ON HIS OPPONENT'S POWERFUL **PESCURRIDIZO**.

ZOOP!

FOINK!

VOOOONGH!

FWEEEEESKRUT!

I WIN!

HAW HAW! THESE CRAPPY AMERICAN-MADE MOTORCYCLES CAN'T EVEN **LOSE** A **SLOWNESS RACE!** I'M THE WINNER, RIGHT?

YEP, YOU'RE THE WINNER, ALL RIGHT! **CONGRATULATIONS!**

VRUMP

BRUMBLE

WELL, I GUESS **YOU** CAN JUST **PACK** YOUR **BAG** NOW AND...

NO! YOU GOT IT **WRONG!** THE **WINNER** IS THE ONE WHO GETS TO **LEAVE!** THE **LOSER** HAS TO STAY **HERE!**

HUNH? REALLY?

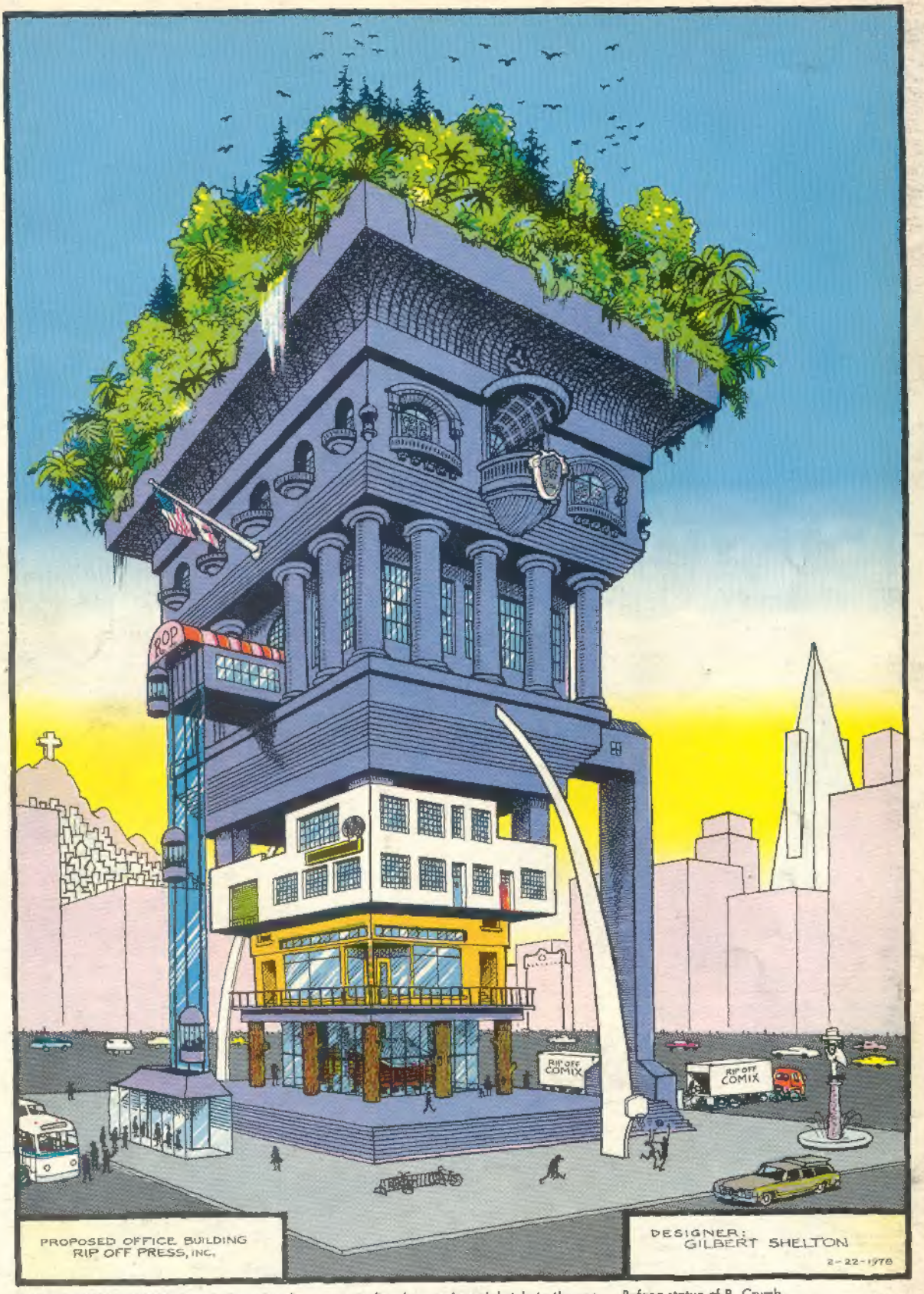
I JUST CAN'T STAND TO HEAR SOMEONE BAD-MOUTHING AMERICAN MECHANICAL KNOW-HOW! WHY, I'VE OWNED 28 HEFFALUMP-DUMPALOONS MYSELF, INCLUDING A BRAND NEW RADIAL TWELVE WITH FRINGED CANOPY AND A RECORD PLAYER! COST ME 17 THOU! HERE'S A PHOTO!

YOUR FRIEND HAD TO GO TO **URANUS**, DID YOU SAY? IS THAT FAR FROM HERE?

YEAH, BUT I GAVE HIM MY **I.D.** AND A FEW URANIAN **DOLLARS!** IT OUGHT TO HOLD HIM FOR A DAY OR TWO!

(BELCH)

Gilbert Shelton's
ADVANCED INTERNATIONAL
MOTORING TIPS
SHELTON
178
DESPITE THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY'S EFFORTS IN DESIGNING VEHICLES THAT WEAR OUT EVER SOONER, THE AUTO-BUYING PUBLIC (DELUDED BY WELL-MEANING BUT IGNORANT ADVOCATES OF "CONSERVATION") HAS SUCCEEDED IN CREATING A SERIOUS PROBLEM FOR US ALL: THEY AREN'T WEARING OUT THEIR CARS AS FAST AS THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO.
THE 1955 CHEVROLET, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR CARS OF ALL TIME
EVERY YEAR, MORE AND MORE NEW CARS ARE HAVING TO SHARE THE ROAD SPACE WITH THE GROWING ARMADA OF OLD CLUNKERS, RATTLING AND LURCHING AND SPEWING CLOUDS OF FOUL SMOKE AS THEY SHUTTLE THEIR STONED UNCOUTH OCCUPANTS FROM HOVEL TO DRIVE-IN TO DISCO.
HONK
BEEP
TOOT
GOVERNMENT OR PRIVATE INDUSTRY COULD SUPPORT A MASSIVE PLAN TO TAKE THE JUNK BACK TO DETROIT. FOR EVERY DECREPIT CHARIOT DRIVEN TO DETROIT AND ABANDONED IN THE MIDDLE OF A BUSY INTERSECTION, THE OWNER WOULD BE GIVEN A SUM OF MONEY AND TWO AIRPLANE TICKETS BACK TO HIS PLACE OF ORIGIN.
SQUEAK
WOBBLE
RUMBLE
SHUDDER
ROAR
CRASH
RATTLE
SCRAPE
BOING
SPROING
TINKLE
KNOCK
CLUNK
DETROIT
WITHIN THE NEXT 5 YEARS: OUR HEROES THE TRUCK DRIVERS WILL HAVE SO THOROUGHLY DESTROYED THE INTERSTATE HIGHWAY SYSTEM WITH THEIR HUGE OVERLOADED TRUCKS, THAT A FUNCTIONAL COAST-TO-COAST VEHICLE WILL HAVE TO LOOK SOMETHING LIKE THIS:
SQUISH
TUCSON 121
PHOENIX 231
COPYRIGHT © 1978 BY GILBERT SHELTON



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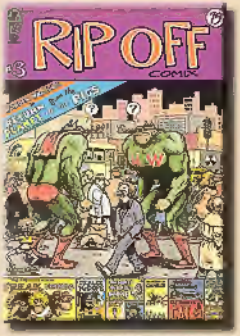

Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

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Gilbert Shelton - 1, 3-7, 39-52
Dave Sheridan - 1, 27-35
Ted Richards - 1, 2, 14-19
Fred Schrier - 1, 36
Harry Driggs (="R. Diggs") - 1, 20-26
Larry Rippee - 1, 37
Bill Griffith - 1, 8-13
Manfred Mroczkowski - 3-7(story inspiration)
J. Michael Leonard - 38